The Beaver

A MAGAZINE OF THE NORTH

275 YEARS OF TRADING

The Hudson's Bay Company begins bartering with the Indians

CHARLES FORT, 1668

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY BY Hudson's Bay Company. INCORPORATED 2ND MAY 1670 OUTFIT 274 SEPT. 1943

THE VOYAGE OF THE NONSUCH, 1668

From the instructions to Zachariah Gillam, master of the "Nonsuch" ketch:

When it shall Please God to bring you thither [to Hudson Bay] you are to saile to such place as Mr. Gooseberry and Mr. Raddison shall direct you within the Bay and there endeavour to bring yor. said vessells into some safe Harbour in ordr. to trade with the Indyans there and you are to deliver unto them the goods you carry by small parcells with this Caution that there be no more than fifty pounds worth at a time out of each shipp and that when they returne on board with such goods as they shall have in Exchange from the Natives you stowe the same on board the vessells before you deliver out any more. This being according to the perticuler advice wee have received of Mr. Gooseberry and Mr. Raddison themselves. . . .

You are upon yor. first arrivall there to raise some fortifications upon the shore for your more convenient accommodation and safety in the prepaireing whereof both your shipps Companies are to give their mutuall assistance and you are allwaies to have extraordinary Care of your vessells to prevent any surprize.

As soone as you have gotten together of the commodityes of the Country to any considerable value you are to putt them all on board the Nonsuch ketch. . . .

Rt. Hon. Malcolm MacDonald, British High Commissioner to Canada, and son of the former Prime Minister of Britain, made a tour of Hudson's Bay House, Winnipeg, in August, and later visited the Company museum in the retail store. Here he is seen on the left, with C. S. Riley, chairman of the Canadian Committee (right), and H. B. Lyall, another Committee member (centre).

ONE DOLLAR A YEAR

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY BY

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HUDSON'S BAY HOUSE

WINNIPEG, CANADA

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OUTFIT 274

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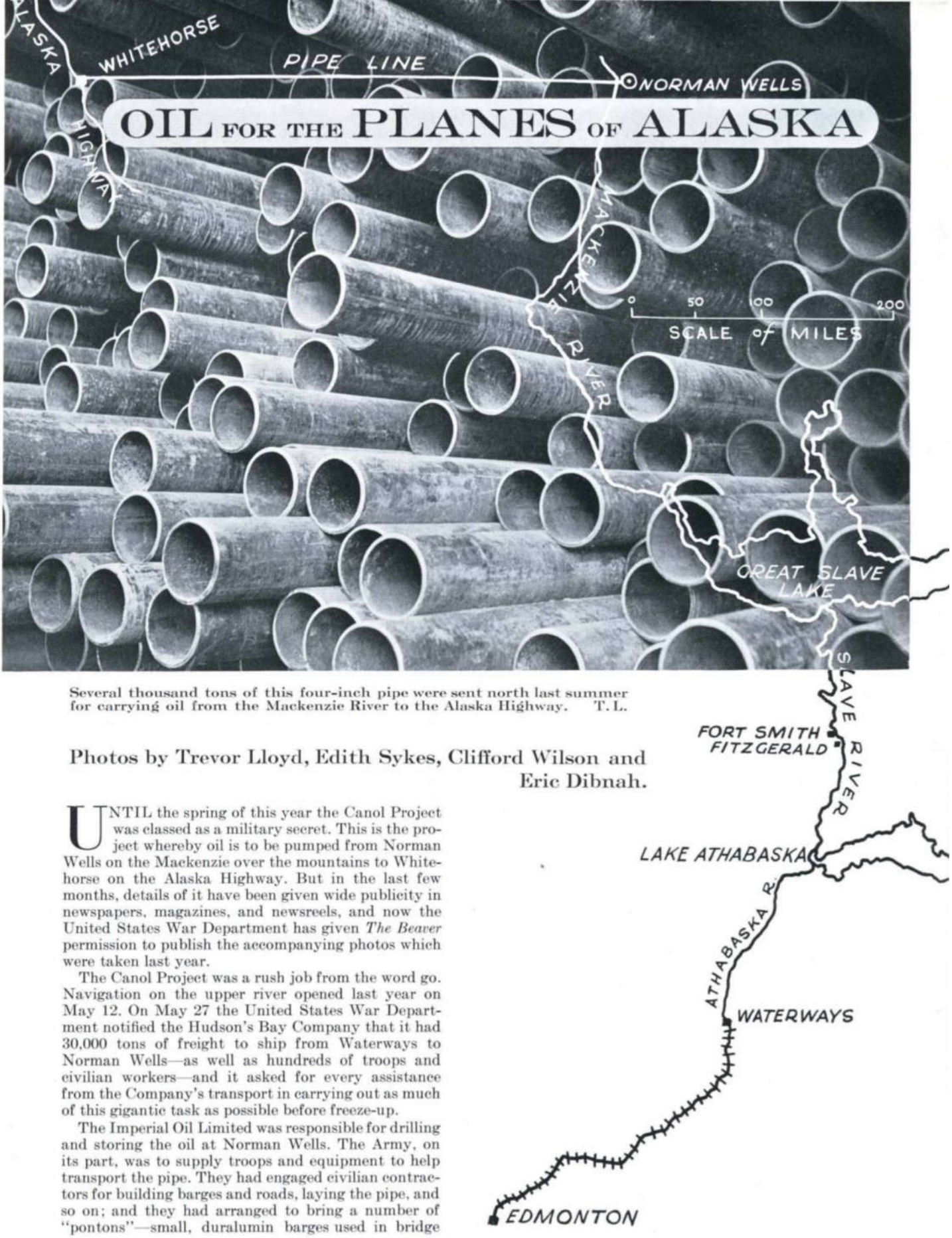
THE BEAVER is published quarterly by the Governor and Company of Adventurers of England trading into Hudson's Bay, commonly known as the Hudson's Bay Company. It is edited at Hudson's Bay House, Winnipeg, at the office of the Canadian Committee. Yearly subscription, one dollar; single copies, twenty-five cents. THE BEAVER is entered at the second class postal rate. Its editorial interests include the whole field of travel, exploration and trade in the Canadian North as well as the current activities and historical background of the Hudson's Bay Company, in all its departments throughout Canada. THE BEAVER assumes no liability for unsolicited manuscripts or photographs. Contributions are however solicited, and the utmost care will be taken of all material received. Correspondence on points of historic interest is encouraged. The entire content of THE BEAVER is protected by copyright, but reproduction rights will be given freely upon application. Address: THE BEAVER, Hudson's Bay House, Winnipeg.



Several thousand tons of this four-inch pipe were sent north last summer for carrying oil from the Mackenzie River to the Alaska Highway. T. L.

Photos by Trevor Lloyd, Edith Sykes, Clifford Wilson and Eric Dibnah.

UNTIL the spring of this year the Canol Project was classed as a military secret. This is the project whereby oil is to be pumped from Norman Wells on the Mackenzie over the mountains to Whitehorse on the Alaska Highway. But in the last few months, details of it have been given wide publicity in newspapers, magazines, and newsreels, and now the United States War Department has given *The Beaver* permission to publish the accompanying photos which were taken last year.

The Canol Project was a rush job from the word go. Navigation on the upper river opened last year on May 12. On May 27 the United States War Department notified the Hudson's Bay Company that it had 30,000 tons of freight to ship from Waterways to Norman Wells—as well as hundreds of troops and civilian workers—and it asked for every assistance from the Company's transport in carrying out as much of this gigantic task as possible before freeze-up.

The Imperial Oil Limited was responsible for drilling and storing the oil at Norman Wells. The Army, on its part, was to supply troops and equipment to help transport the pipe. They had engaged civilian contractors for building barges and roads, laying the pipe, and so on; and they had arranged to bring a number of "pontons"—small, duralumin barges used in bridge

Road scrapers in the yards at Waterways. Beyond is the H B C water tower.

A U.S. Army jeep with its negro driver waits for an officer outside the Company's transport office.

Above: A Northwest steam shovel and a group of Caterpillar diesel bulldozers lined up in the yards.

Right: Le Tourneau "turnapulls" and tires ready to be shipped north. Turnapulls are giant scoops for levelling ground and carting away the earth (see page 14). The nine-inch camera gives the scale.

building—and tugs from the States. These pontons were strung together and formed large rafts propelled by small motor boats on which pipe could be carried. None of the Army auxiliaries to transportation, however, were on hand at the opening of navigation, and none of the people who were to operate them had any knowledge of the rivers and lakes concerned. On a map, or from the air, the great waterway rolling north from the railhead looks easily navigable; but the men who have been operating steamers and barges along it for sixty years know that it is very treacherous.

At the beginning, then, the Hudson's Bay Company fleet, already booked up for a heavy season of supplying material to the fur trade posts, to mines and to many other customers, was the only available means of transportation capable of handling these huge quantities of freight. The result was that, during the summer of 1942, by far the greatest proportion of freight and personnel sent north for the Canol Project was shipped by the Company.

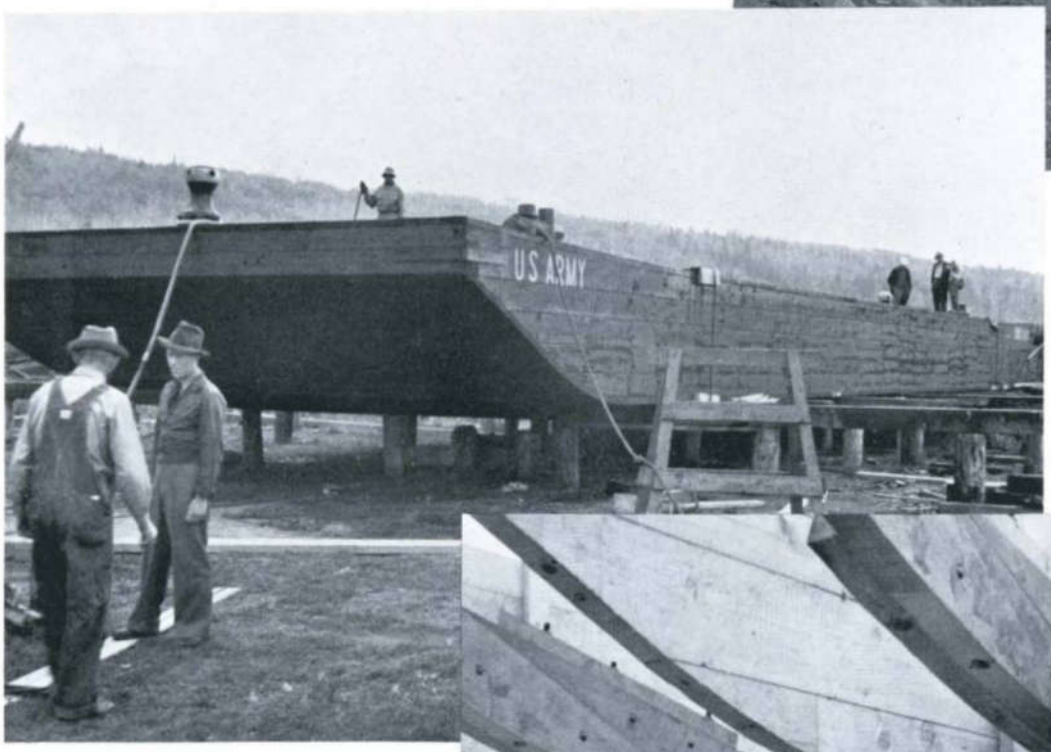
From Waterways to Fitzgerald, the H B C put at the service of the project, two sternwheel steamers, five diesel tugs and sixteen barges with a total capacity of 1,750 tons. Between Fort Smith and Norman Wells, they supplied two more stern-wheelers, three diesel tugs and twelve barges with a total capacity of 2,300 tons, and two steel refrigerator barges on which fresh food was conveyed to the troops and civilians working on the project.

The following statistics show the amount of Canol freight handled by the various shipping organizations for season 1942:

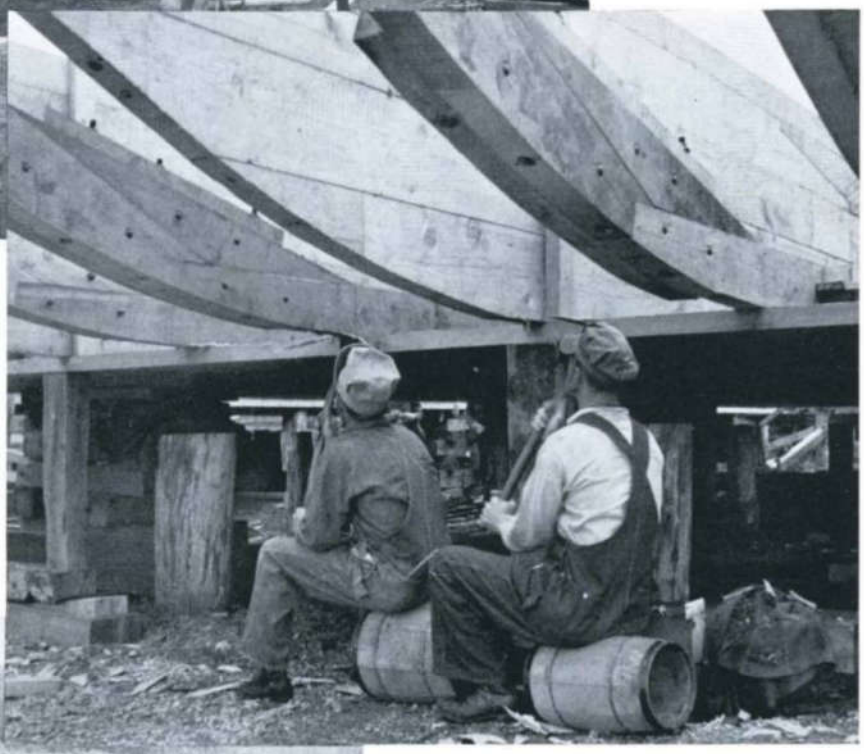
	Waterways to Fitzgerald		*Fort Smith to Norman Wells*	
Shipped by	*Tons*	*Percent*	*Tons*	*Percent*
U.S. Army	9,135	30	1,450	15
H B C	15,000	50	6,000	60
Others	5,265	20	2,300	25
Total	29,400	100	9,750	100

CAMP PRAIRIE

Right: Prefabricated barges being set up at Camp Prairie, between Waterways and McMurray.



Above: Canol barge No. 10 ready to be launched into the Clearwater River. Right: American civilian workers adzing the framework of Canol barge No. 11.



Left: Loading Canol barge No. 10 with Canol Project trucks at Waterways. Beyond is the Clearwater River, ancient highway of the fur trade.

FITZGERALD

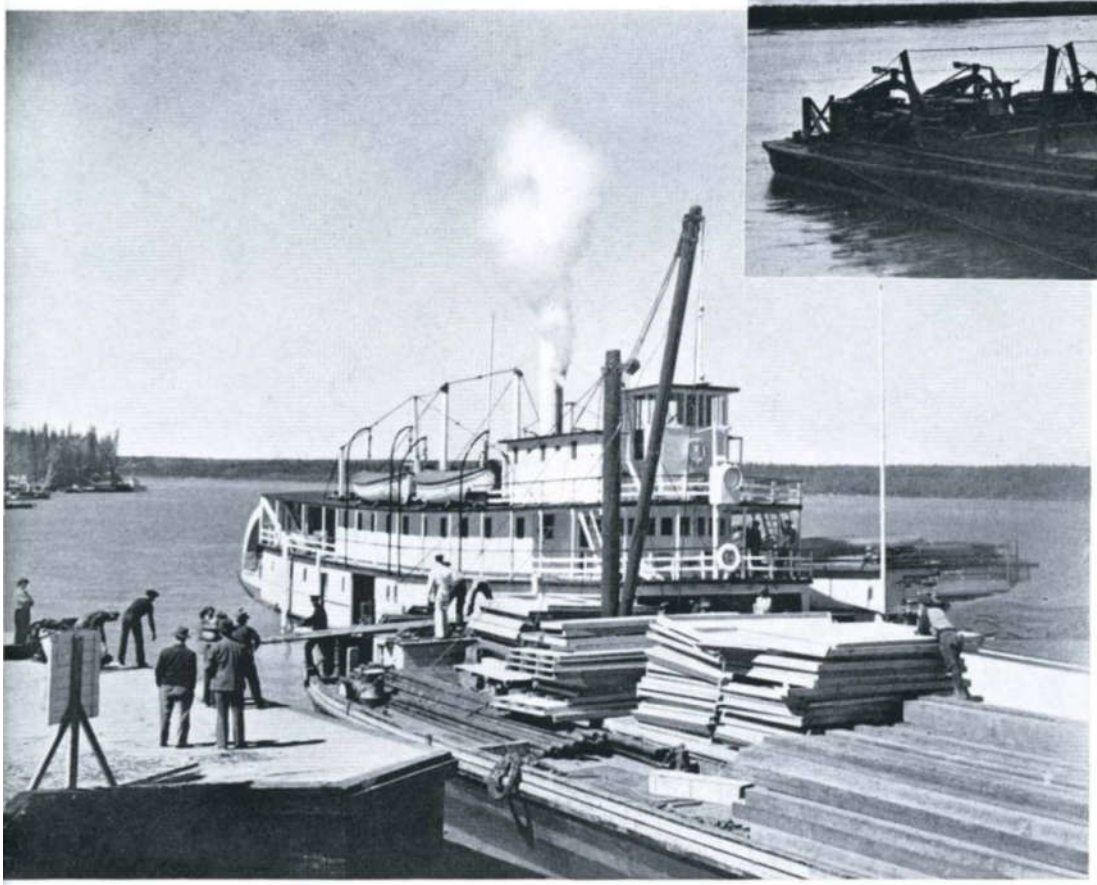
Right: The first load of Canol material navigating a tricky part of the Athabasca River in early June. On the left, H B C barge 301, with oil well casing pipe and the first two bulldozers. On the right, an H B C load for the fur trade. T. L.

Left: A negro engineer battalion arrives at Fitzgerald on the first trip of the Company's "Athabasca River." Below: The "Athabasca River" at Fitz. Fuel oil on the left; firewood for the steamers, cut by the negro stevedores, on the right; and in the foreground, a steel drilling rig for Norman Wells (see page 13). The Hudson's Bay post is just out of the picture on the right. T. L.

This is the beginning of the sixteen mile portage road that circumvents the rapids between Fitzgerald and Fort Smith. Articles on the Canol Project have stated that the road was built last year by the U.S. Army. Actually it has been in use by the H B C for nearly sixty years, and long before that as a portage trail.

Above: H B C barge 204 docks at Fitz bringing a U.S. Army field hospital with fifty beds and six doctors. (T. L.) Left: H B C tug "Porphyry" ready to be hauled across the portage to Fort Smith. (E. S.) Below: Barge 301, loaded down with bulldozers and fuel oil, and pushed by H B C S.S. "Northland Echo," arrives at Fitz in July.

FORT SMITH



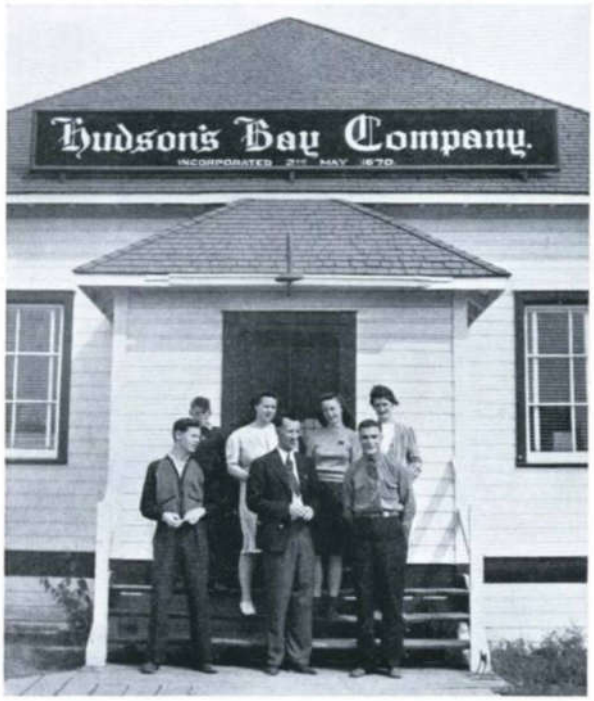
Above: The first two bulldozers and turnapulls for the lower river go aboard a Company barge. Left: The Company's "McKenzie River" leaves Fort Smith on her first trip of the season, June 12, with a load of well-casing pipe and lumber for Norman Wells on one barge, and H B C loads on two others. T. L.

An army truck and "ponton" trailer with a load of line pipe gets stuck in the sand at Fort Smith. Negro stevedores lend a hand. T. L.

Right: The "Nodaway," a U.S. Engineers' tug from the Missouri, crossing the portage at Fort Smith. Below: With the aid of three bulldozers, expert "cat-skinners" launch the "Nodaway," flying the Engineers' flag and the Stars and Stripes, into the Slave River at Fort Smith. T. L.

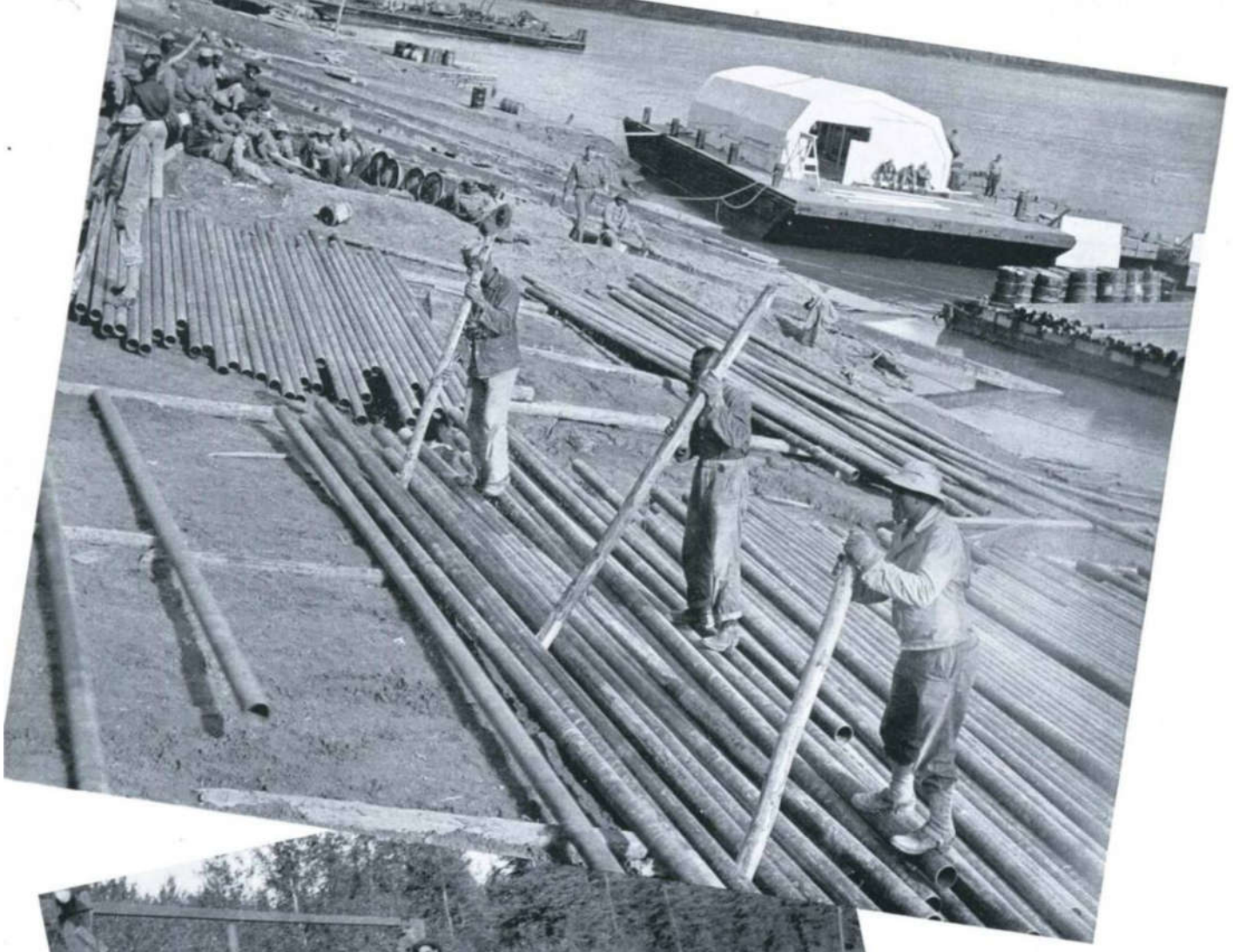
Right: The "Nodaway" afloat, pushing Canol barge No. 11. "Nodaway" is an Indian word meaning "enemy." T. L.

Above: At the Company's Hotel Mackenzie, the guests overflowed into sleeping bags and mosquito nets on the lawn. Right: Post Manager Harry McDonald at Fort Smith (centre) had to employ six helpers to take care of the rush of business.



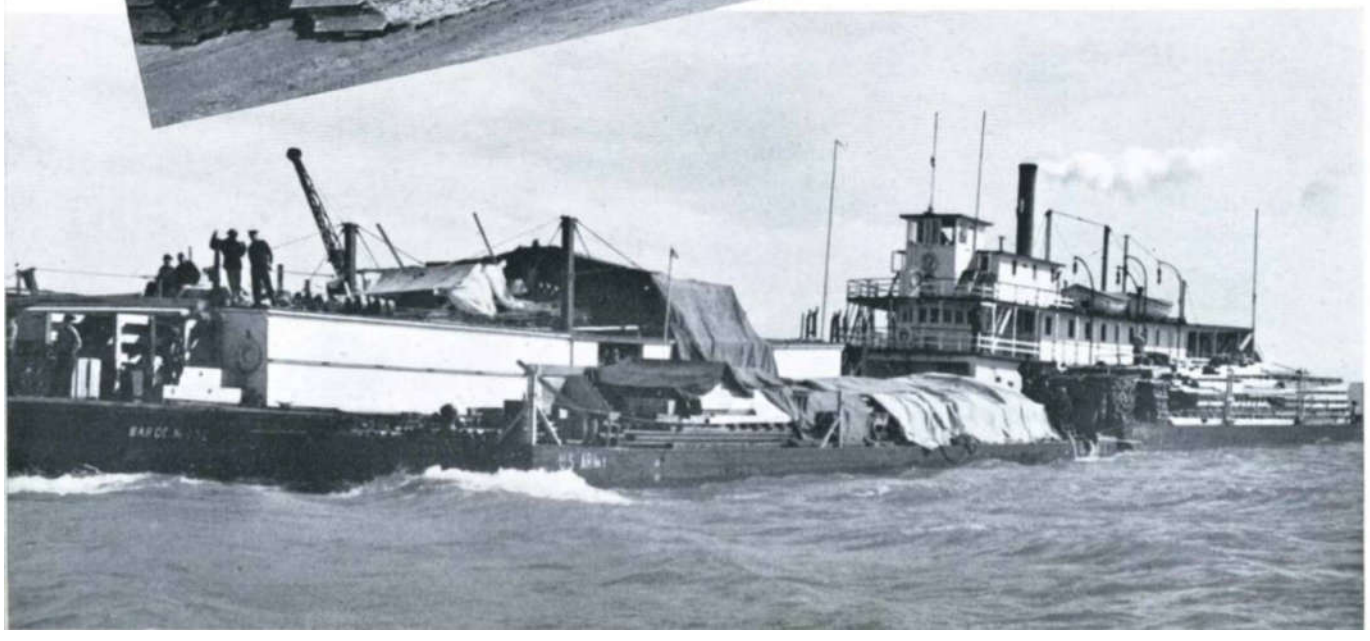
Left: A monster outboard motor, ready to be installed on a tank barge. The editor of "The Beaver" gives it the once-over on the Company dock at Fort Smith. Below: The motor affixed to a barge made up of separate tanks. T. L.

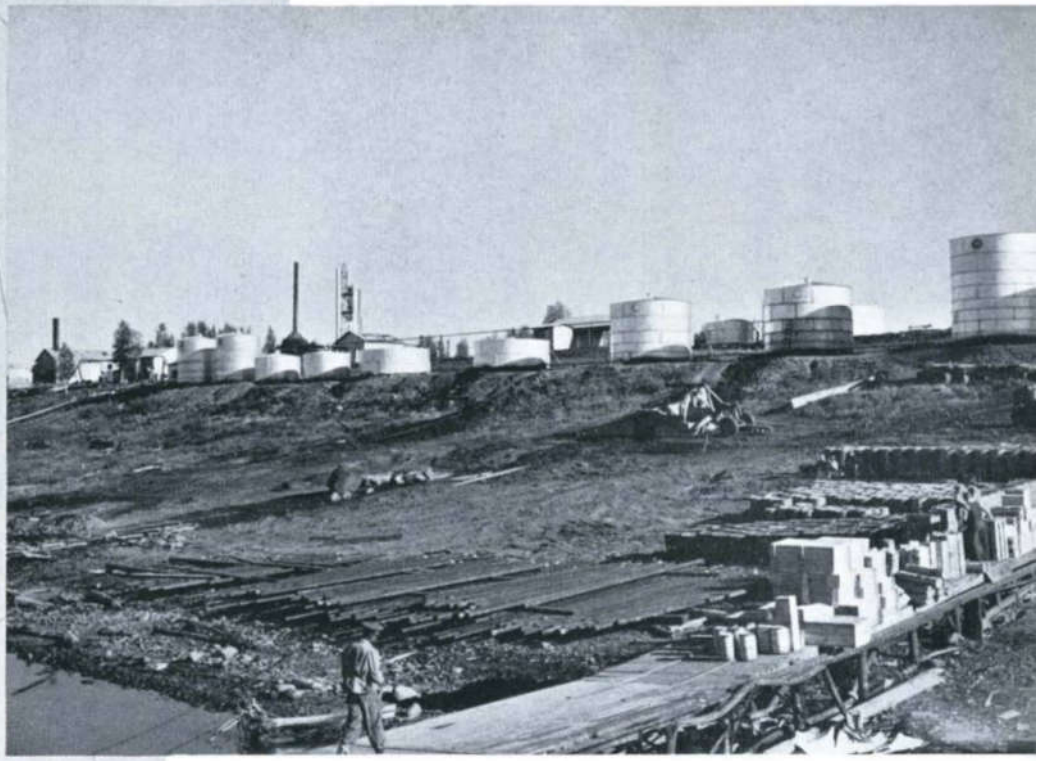
A Canol truck unloads at the Company warehouse on the Fort Smith docks. E. S.



Above: The last pipe to be shipped out of Fort Smith in 1942. Beyond, is a prefabricated barge. Left: A D-8 bulldozer hauling two empty ponton trailers on which pipe has been carried across the portage. Below: S.S. "McKenzie River" heading for Norman Wells with five Hudson's Bay and Canol barges.

T. L. and E. S.

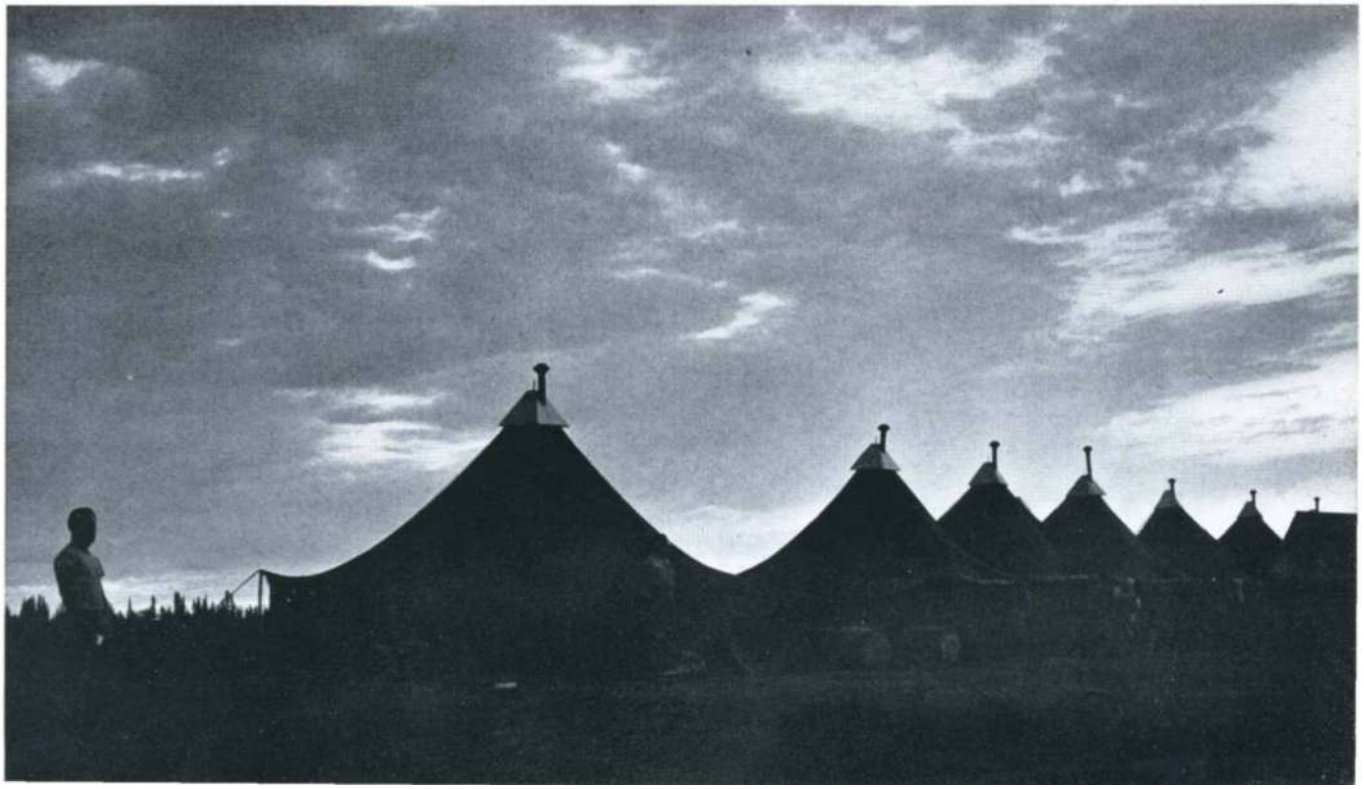




NORMAN WELLS

Above: Norman Wells from the river, before the latest changes took place. Casing pipe in the foreground. Left: Drilling rig set up at Norman Wells. The first well was brought in during 1920. This spring forty-two wells had been drilled, most of which were producing.

Below: Sunset at the first Camp Canol. T. L.



CAMP CANOL

April 1943

Right: a pleasure craft from distant Washington drafted for sterner duties in the North. E. D.

Left: A turnapull ready for action. These great machines are of inestimable value in levelling the landing strips which make possible year-round flying down north. E. D.

Below: The H B C ships "Distributor," "McKenzie River," and "Dease Lake" made a late trip in the fall of 1942 with emergency supplies for Camp Canol, and were frozen in there. The first two pushed record loads of 1500 and 1200 tons respectively. Beyond the "Distributor" is barge 500, capable of carrying up to 700 tons. E. D.

LONE ADVENTURESS

by W. W. Bride

TO set out on a six thousand mile trek with no more outfit than a stout iron bar and a few dollars requires determination and courage of an unusual sort. Lillian Alling had plenty of both. Alone among the millions of New York City, this little Russian immigrant felt that she could not stand the loneliness and the nostaglia any longer.

Quietly and efficiently she laid her plans as she darted along the crowded streets, an inconspicuous little figure in her rough clothes and heavy shawl. Impossible to save enough money, from the pittance she earned at housework, to buy a steamer ticket. Then she must walk. She was young, strong and used to hard work. It would be simple. Carefully she studied maps and chose her route. Siberia was her objective. Once there, among her own people, it would be easy to arrange passage from Vladivostok to her beloved steppes. She could almost hear the deep-toned laughs of the peasants at the market place and the tinkle of the music for the dance.

Carefully she hoarded her savings. The day came. She headed for Chicago, turning down all offers of lifts and marching smartly along the long concrete highways. Her small, lithe figure, knapsack on her back, was noticed at Minneapolis and at St. Paul and then at Winnipeg.

She was next heard of on the Yukon Telegraph trail in the northern part of B.C. The linesman, at the second cabin on the trail, stared in amazement at the slight figure of a woman, her clothes almost in rags, who gazed solemnly at him from the doorway. Travellers were rare in that remote district even in the good weather. Here it was late fall and a woman appeared.

Constable G. A. Wyman of the B.C. Provincial Police at Hazelton listened to the report of the linesman over the telephone.

"She sure is travelling light. Too light for this time of year. Her shoes are just ordinary running shoes. Her pack didn't look any too heavy to me either," the husky "wire-snapper" told the officer. "She left here just a while ago and it looks bad over the 'hump' already."

Wyman thanked the man and turned to a calendar on the wall. September, 1927. Already the tops of the mountains were enshrouded in mists that crept lower every day. To venture into that uncharted wilderness as if setting off for a few hours' hike was nothing short of suicidal. Better to go after her now and pursuade her to return than to lead a search party through the wilds in the depths of winter, reflected Wyman as he made his preparations for the trail.

Back at Hazelton with his charge, Constable Wyman turned her over to Sergt. W. J. Service, the N.C.O. in charge of the detachment. The pathetic little figure stood before the desk, her dark, tragic eyes watching every move of this grizzled veteran of the north country.

"Sit down, Miss Alling," said the Sergeant kindly. "Where are you headed for?"

Lillian Alling, the Russian girl who walked from New York to Bering Strait. Jim Christie gave her the clothes and the dog.

"Siberia," was the laconic reply.

"Isn't it a little late to start out on such a trip," remarked Service mildly as he glanced out of the window.

The Russian girl broke into a stream of pleading, her accent becoming more pronounced as she became more excited.

"You must not stop me. I have done nothing wrong. I am strong and can walk many miles before the snow comes. You cannot keep me back now." Her tone was one of desperation.

Service interrupted the flow of words.

"When did you eat last?"

"I have money," replied the girl proudly, her dark eyes flashing.

The officer made up his mind. To let this girl start out on a trail that hardy men regarded as "tough going" was impossible. Her nervous manner, her very frailty convinced him that he was right. Once, during her pleadings, he almost weakened, but a glance at the tree-covered hills and their threat of snow and bitter weather strengthened his resolve again. Committed on a charge of vagrancy, Lillian Alling was unable to pay the fine imposed. Her total wealth consisted of $10. Her outfit, a knapsack and a few personal articles and a stout iron bar. "Protection against men," she said when asked what it was for.

The magistrate ordered her taken to Oakalla gaol, in New Westminster. There, for the next two months, the Russian hiker obtained shelter and good food. On her release, work was found for her and once again she was able to build up a small sum in savings. Neither the kindness of her employers nor the time spent in gaol dampened her ardour or lessened her determination to return to Russia.

Near the end of June 1928, she started off on her pilgrimage again. Sergeant A. Fairbairn, then in charge of the detachment at Smithers, was warned that she had left for his district. On the nineteenth of July she arrived at Smithers. This is a remarkable feat. It meant that she had covered between thirty and forty miles a day.

"Did you get any rides on your trip here?" asked the Sergeant.

"I walked all the way," replied the girl.

"You are a good traveller," the Sergeant commented.

"But do you know anything of the country into which you are going?"

"I am not afraid. I have come a great distance now and I must go on. I must."

The Sergeant explained the dangers that would beset her trail, increasing as she moved north. The girl was undaunted. It was impossible to stop such a zealot. To reach Siberia had become an obsession with her. It was the only topic about herself that she would mention. Questioned as to her past she refused to say anything. This had been noticeable in her first attempt to go through. She was reticent in the extreme.

"I will consent to your continuing your journey on one condition," Sergeant Fairbairn finally said.

"I will agree to anything. Just let me go on," replied the girl.

"I want you to report to each of the cabins along the Telegraph Trail. You will have that much supervision anyway. I will know that you will be safe for a time. We will help you all we can, because we have your own safety to think of."

The young Russian girl readily agreed to this arrangement. Every twenty miles or so along that slender strand of wire strung through the wilderness, are maintenance cabins. The linesmen stationed in these cabins were more than willing to help the wayfarer. They suggested meeting the girl half way between the stops and escorting her in. In this way she would not lack companionship on most of the trip.

Word of her progress was flashed back to Smithers. Her ability to walk was astounding. Motivated by some urge that brooked no delay, she tramped ahead at an amazing and tireless pace. Cabin after cabin reported her arrival and her quick departure. As one of the boys put it, "She sure ain't one to talk." Lillian did not tarry along the trail but by the time she had reached Cabin Seven the weather had turned cold. The cloudy skies and biting winds marked the approach of winter and the closing of travel. The mountainous heights of the district were often lost in fogs that blotted out the familiar landmarks and rendered travel very difficult.

A bitter wind howled around the little group of cabins and shacks that made up Post Number Eight on the trail. Jim Christie and Charlie Janze patrolled the rugged hills of this sector. They had separate cabins and each worked a territory. Charlie was just thinking about going to his own cabin and turning in when a knock sounded at the door. Jim Christie opened the door and stepped back in amazement. There stood a woman.

"Come on in," he stammered.

Charlie looked up from his mending job and gaped.

"You must be that girl we were told was heading this way. How did you get here so fast?" he asked.

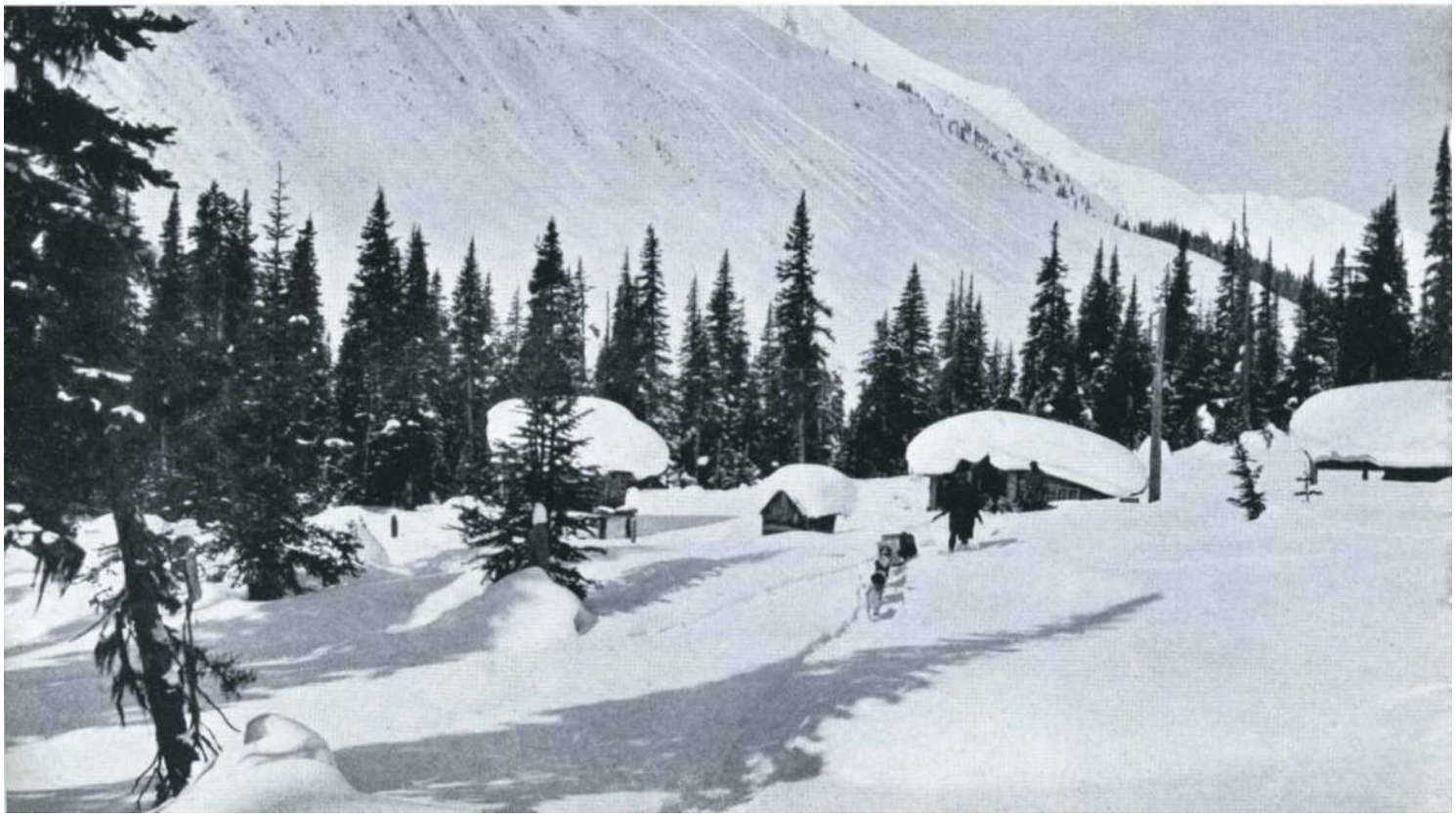
Lillian Alling smiled fleetingly as she slung her pack to the floor and dropped into a chair beside the stove. She was about all in. The wire-snappers quickly got a meal ready for her. As the traveller ate, the men studied her furtively. Her clothing had taken some rough usage; tattered and torn, it was not much use for the trail.

Charlie gave up his cabin for the visitor's use. He fixed up bathing facilities and even rustled a pair of boots for her. Then the pair of linesmen turned dressmakers and modistes. Out of old shirts of their own they fashioned new shirts for the traveller. Discarded work pants were ripped, washed, patched and remade into hiking pants. The dark eyes of the Russian girl were eloquent in their thanks. For three days Lillian was the guest of the hospitable linesmen.

When she announced her decision of leaving, Charlie sprang his surprise. He appeared at the cabin door with a black and white mongrel dog. A sturdy little animal, he would be a great help carrying two little rucksacks slung on his back like paniers.

"It must get kind of lonely sluggin' through the hills by yourself all the time," he remarked rather

Cabin Number Eight on the Yukon Telegraph line. **All photos by Jim Christie.**



Lillian Alling had to climb over this summit on her way to Dawson.

diffidently. "This fellow will be someone to talk to anyway."

Trouble developed on the line somewhere between Cabin Eight and Echo Lake. Charlie set out to locate it, accompanying Lillian as far as Cabin Nine. He left her there while he set off to test the wire.

At the same time, the linesmen from Echo Lake, advised of the trouble and of the departure of the hiker, had sent out a patrol. There were two men at the station, Scotty Ogilvie and Cyril Tooley, expert woodsmen, both. Scotty had elected to take this jaunt and had set off in the pouring rain singing one of the Scottish ballads for which he was famous in the north.

The going was tough. The drenching downpour made it very slippery underfoot: each shrub and tree soaked the traveller with a swishing deluge as he passed. The little Ningunsaw river had turned into a turbulent, boiling torrent. Scotty whistled when he saw the sagging curve of the hand cable at the ford. It was a couple of feet under water already. With a grimace, he shook the water off the brim of his hat and turned to seek a better crossing place.

In the meantime, Christie had arrived at Echo Lake and had joined Tooley in waiting for Scotty's return. As time went by and there was no sign of the missing linesman, the two became worried.

"I guess we had better go and look for that singing Scotchman," said Christie.

"He should have been back before now," agreed Tooley as he reached for his mackinaw.

It was a simple matter to follow the trail. It led right up to the river bank at the crossing, then it turned up-stream. A few hundred yards along the bank they came upon the story of the tragedy. A jagged scar on the edge of the bank showed where it had caved in, worn away by the rush of the swollen river. Here the trail ended abruptly.

With taut features the two men climbed down closer to the water's edge and made their way precariously over piles of ragged driftwood. A quarter of a mile further along they came across what they feared to find. The body of Scotty Ogilvie was wedged in the driftwood that piled up a swirling eddy at a bend in the stream. The jolly singing Scotsman had met a tragic end.

Silently the two friends buried the body and erected a cross above the grave that looked across the valley at the rugged hills that had reminded Scotty of his own native fells and glens.

On her way north again, Lillian Alling heard the news of Scotty's death with real grief. She had never met him. She had never heard of him before. But he was one of the men who were helping her make her dearest wish come true. He had given his life partly because of her. She paused by the heap of fresh earth and the crude cross above it. Then she turned slowly away and continued her trek.

On the rest of her trip Lillian Alling kept strictly to herself. At those little settlements or isolated farms where she stopped she told no one anything about herself. Her very reticence lead to many wild theories and much speculation about her. These ranged all the way from a grand duchess of the revolution to a white spy closely pursued by the Bolshevists.

Two years later, when Lillian and Bill Albee trekked over the same route into Alaska, people were still talking of the wraith-like figure that appeared in their midst and fled as silently and as suddenly as she had come. The black and white dog, gift of Jim Christie, had met an accident before she reached Atlin. The Russian emigrée had skinned the carcass and stuffed the hide. This she carried with her, as if she could not bear to part with her one friend on the long journey.

At Dawson she worked as a cook in one of the camps for the entire winter. Very little was learned of her past. She lived the life of a recluse. In the spring she launched the crude-looking boat that she had patched up during the winter months. The last the Dawsonites saw of her was as she sat in the stern of the crazy craft, her goods piled in front of her and the carcass of her dog across her knees. Moving out right behind the ice, she faced the wide expanse of the Yukon with the same daring that had brought her safely this far.

She was reported passing through Tanana, still sitting aloof in the stern of her vessel, intent on the route that would lead her to Siberia. She arrived safely at Nome, where she abandoned the boat and purchased a few articles for land travel.

From there on her journey assumes an even deeper shade of mystery. For a time she disappeared from the ken of men. Then an Eskimo brought in word that he had passed the forlorn little creature on the beach between Nome and Teller. She had fashioned herself a small cart that she tugged along behind her. Occupying a place of honour on the jumbled mass of goods there was the stuffed body of her dog.

Beyond this report her fate is unknown. Whether she succeeded in pursuading the Eskimos to take her across the Straits and thus continued on to Siberia is unknown. As far as can be ascertained on this side of the water, there on the bleak shores of Bering Strait her trail ended.

Jim Christie and friend at Cabin Eight.

YORK FACTORY TO LONDON
1888

by Franklin Remington

Two young Harvard men cross the Atlantic in one of the old square-riggers of the Hudson's Bay Company.

EDITOR'S NOTE: The author of this amusing tale graduated from Harvard in 1888, at the age of twenty-one, and set out to find adventure in the North. He headed for Winnipeg, and there met Commissioner Wrigley of the Hudson's Bay Company, who made arrangements for him to travel to York Factory by canoe. Before starting, he was joined by a muscular friend, Theodore (Bill) Burgess, with whom he had rowed on the Harvard crew. At Selkirk on the Red River they said good-bye to civilization and, with an Indian guide, headed north up the ocean-like expanse of Lake Winnipeg to Norway House, and thence to York Factory.

FORT York, or, as it was more often called, York Factory, was located at the mouth of the Hayes River on a bluff overlooking Hudson Bay. It had a heavy timber fence surrounding the buildings which comprised the post.

It was to this ancient and historic spot that we now approached. Sharp eyes had spotted us and the news had spread that strangers were arriving. Down to the beach they came, Indians, huskies, Hudson's Bay Scotch, devoured with curiosity. With the exception of their own people, "visiting firemen" were practically unknown. Sir John Franklin had stopped there nearly seventy years before on one of his trips to the North. James Gordon Bennett, the owner of the *New York Herald*, had sent out a small polar expedition a few years before we turned up which had got as far as York Factory but no farther.

The factor, a big heavy-weight Scotsman with a sandy beard, accompanied by the doctor, showed us to our quarters in the Guard House. This was a long low building made of heavy logs and whitewashed, which had been used as a barracks for British troops. Around the walls, hanging from wooden pegs, were leather cartridge boxes, scabbards, bayonets, equipment of all kinds, marked with the initials "G.R." in heavy brass letters, left behind them by the last detachment of the British Army that occupied these quarters. We had suddenly jumped back into the eighteenth century. We noted other things which confirmed this. The natives carried muzzle loaders. Their mail came once a year from England by sailing vessel and once a year from Winnipeg by dog sled. When we arrived they had heard nothing from the outside world for seven months.

We looked about. It was a quaint spot. The stockade was made of heavy squared logs pointed at the top. A great gate led down to the water. There were many buildings inside the stockade, all built of logs—warehouses for baling and storing furs, commissary stores for barter with the Indians, supply depots, living quarters, etc.

The author, later chairman of the board of the Foundation Company.

Our Scottish factor now came to us considerably excited. "Your Indians," said he, "say you ran the Rock Rapid. Is that true?" "Which one is that?" we asked. "The last one," said he. "Yes, we did." "Good God," said he, "that's never done. You can thank your stars you're alive. The last time one of our big Hudson's Bay boats came down with nine men in it they were all drowned. They are buried there now on the bank." As a matter of fact I did notice some small crosses on the bank near the foot of the rapids.

"Do you know what your Indians call you? *Kichi Moka Mennock*—that means Crazy Americans." Perhaps they were right.

Now, when I was in Winnipeg I heard that a sailing vessel came out from England once a year to Fort York, took away their furs and brought them their year's supplies. We both felt if it were possible we would like to get aboard this ship and get back to civilization that way rather than face the upstream grind fighting rapids and head currents for five hundred miles. We asked the chief factor, whom we met at Selkirk, about it. He said it was entirely up to the captain whether he would take us or not. He gave us a letter to him. We were glad to hear that the ship had not yet arrived but was expected any time. We decided to wait for it.

One day the ship was sighted, a small barque one hundred and fifty feet long or thereabouts*. There was great excitement of course. She anchored a short distance off, and the captain and first mate came ashore.

*The *Prince Rupert*, eighth of that name in the Company's service. The first had arrived there in 1682.

In due course we met the captain. He was a squat little fellow with fishy blue eyes and a strong Cockney accent. We hadn't shaved since we left Winnipeg and as a result wore beards—mine brown, Vandyke; Bill's golden yellow. Our clothes by this time, from hard usage, were falling apart. As stage tramps we would have made a hit, and tramps he evidently thought us to be. He dismissed us curtly and said there was no room for us on the ship.

It was the custom then on British sailing ships to take along live animals of various kinds, pigs, sheep, chickens, etc., so as to give the captain fresh meat on the voyage. In a conversation with one of the mates we discovered that the real reason the captain had turned us down was because he thought two young fellows like us would make such inroads into his live-stock, there wouldn't be enough left for him.

With this idea in mind, we approached him from a different angle. Couldn't we go in the fo'c'stle with the sailors and help work the ship? Sure of his full supply of fresh pork and mutton, he felt better disposed and said we might. There were just two vacant bunks left in the fo'c'stle, one so close to the deck it was really no better than a shelf. You could lie on your back or your stomach, but you had to get out to turn over. We matched to see who slept on the shelf. I got stuck.

After unloading her cargo of supplies and taking on a cargo of fur bales, the ship rode so high she needed ballast. They loaded her with round rocks and boulders with which the beach was strewn. This gave us trouble later when we got into the Atlantic and they began to roll about.

At last everything was ready and we up-anchored and sailed away. Before sailing we had gone native to the extent of equipping ourselves with Eskimo boots and fur shirts, called *koolitaks*, as our own boots were completely worn out and the sea wind was cold and penetrating.

We looked about at our shipmates. They consisted of all nationalities—Dutchmen, Norwegians, English, Irish, Australians, Swedes and—*mirable dictu*—all bossed by a coal black negro from Jamaica! He was the boatswain and the boss of the fo'c'stle all right, and we had to do as he said. I will say this for that negro boatswain, he was one of the best seamen I ever met and knew his job thoroughly. It seemed odd at first, but after a while we got used to it and the colour line seemed to disappear. One half of the crew was below in the fo'c'stle and the other half in the deck house.

We set a course about northeast for Southampton Island, the western end of Hudson Strait. We jumped right into it. The ship rolled and pitched. For two days I lay on the floor of the cold, dank, dark fo'c'stle with a bucket alongside of me and wished I could die and have it over with. At the end of that time I got up and I've never been seasick since.

We encountered ice fields as far as the eye could see. Off one of the islands at the western end of the straits a strange thing happened. Due to some strong

" . . . told where we belonged in no unmistakable manner."

local attraction the ship's compass pointed continually in one direction, and that direction not the magnetic north no matter which way the ship turned.

Luck was with us. The sun came out bright and warm and a fair wind sped us along through the straits. Icebergs of all sizes and shapes and great masses of floating ice went by us. Our ship was especially built for Arctic navigation. The bow was a solid mass of heavy oak timbers, 14x14 inches, laid one back of the other and held together with enormous bolts. My bunk or shelf was away up in the eyes of the boat. When we rammed an enormous cake of ice, as we frequently did, and the point of contact took place a few inches from my head, the noise was deafening, and terrifying as well. One wondered how many cracks like that the old lady could stand.

The good weather and fair wind held with us, and we passed out into the Atlantic. Then our troubles began. For twenty-one consecutive days an intermittent gale raged and roared from the southeast. This was a dead head wind. Light loaded as we were, we tacked backwards and forwards over towards Greenland and back, drifting northward towards Davis Straits. The seas were mountainous, the sky a dull dirty grey, and the nights inky black. One night in the midst of the roaring and crashing we were startled by an ominous pounding in the hold. Something was crashing about from one side to the other, shaking the whole ship, and sounding as though the poor old girl was being disembowelled. All hands were ordered out to investigate. Taking a hatch off and lowering a light down, we found that an enormous spare yard had broken loose from its lashings and was acting like a battering ram down below. Great care had to be exercised in handling an unmanageable brute like that.

Day by day of ceaseless pounding and getting nowhere finally got the crew's morale, and they began to talk about having a Jonah on board. A miserable looking Dutchman with an unkempt beard was the man they concluded was their Jonah, and the reason they gave for this was that he had eaten raw polar bear. They gave him dirty looks and he went about in a nervous state, fearful that some night he might be thrown overboard. Perhaps a return of good weather saved his life, for these fo'c'stle lads jumped quickly from one extreme to another.

The food on the ship was pretty tough. Ten cents a day was supposed to cover the cost of the three daily meals a sailor got on a British ship. Naturally you couldn't get much for that. It consisted principally of tea, hardtack (the kind you broke with a hammer), salt horse, potatoes or rice, and for a sweet we had plum duff (a pudding with raisins in it) and burgoo, a molasses mixture, once a week. The salt horse was alternated with salt pork. Occasionally, when the captain had fresh meat and a sheep was killed we got the blood. This was mixed with flour and baked and served up as a blood pudding. To keep from getting scurvy we had a daily dose of lime juice handed out to us.

Well, this diet didn't agree with my friend Bill a little bit. He turned a lemon yellow. This with his yellow beard gave him a weird look. He had long silent spells, and at times was in a heavy dark blue grouch. Plainly, he wasn't well, and I was worried about him.

We were now about forty days out from York Factory and had not changed our clothes, for the very good reason we had no others to put on. We had patched them frequently with potato sacking, but they were getting even beyond that, so we borrowed a sail needle from

"We were not shown, but escorted, to our rooms."

the sail maker and with sail twine sewed ourselves into our clothes, thus making underwear and outerwear all one. This worked finely and saved us from a lot of fussy patching work.

Our relations with the captain had not been cordial. Unfamiliar with the etiquette of the merchant marine, we had strolled up to the poop deck when we first came on board and were promptly ordered off by the captain and told where we belonged in no unmistakable manner. He never could resist an impulse to exercise his authority in an offensive manner over those under him.

About forty-seven days out we got the shock of our lives. As far as any of us knew, we were away out in the Atlantic somewhere. We were bowling along at a sharp gait before a fair wind. Our shipmates were cheerful and congratulating themselves that, as they expressed it, their lady friends in London now had a line on the ship and were hauling them in fast to port. The talk was all of Sadie and Annie and Flossie et al. and their superior charms. It was about nine o'clock in the morning. A thick fog made visibility almost nil. Every now and then it would lift a bit, clear up and then settle down again. Bill and I were stretched out in our bunks. Suddenly the black boatswain shoved his head down the hatch and roared, "All hands on deck, ship's going ashore." It couldn't be possible. We were all up on deck in a jiffy. Sure enough, there, straight ahead and almost on top of us, was a lighthouse sitting on top of a huge cliff of rock that rose straight out of the water. Could we get her about in time? It seemed scarcely possible. Square riggers are slow in coming about. Every separate yard has to be trimmed and set. We worked like beavers, and all the time the wind and waves were setting us down on that terrible cliff. People were running to the edge of the cliff and looking down at us and waving their hands.

Fortunately for us, there was deep water right up to the base of the cliff. Gradually one sail after another began to draw and we began to edge off, but not before you could have chucked the proverbial ship's biscuit ashore from the after rail. It was a close squeak. Where in Hades were we, everyone wanted to know. We had hit the Scilly Isles, the western outpost of the English Channel, square on the nose!

Had the fog not lifted in the nick of time and given our lookout at the bow a glimpse of what lay straight

ahead of us, we would all have piled up on that cliff and slid to the bottom of the ocean to join others who had gone there before. This particular part of Davy Jones's locker, I understand, has "standing room only" signs out. It was good to know where we were, even if we did have to have it hammered into us, and the realization that with any kind of luck in two days we would be in London Town gave everybody a fit of dry inebriation.

Next day in the afternoon, after much bluffing and bargaining, our captain made a deal with the captain of a powerful seagoing tug and we were hauled up the eastern end of the channel around the North Foreland up the Thames to our dock in London—forty-nine days from the day we left York.

Good-byes all around to everybody but the captain, and a promise to meet certain choice spirits of the crew later on at one of their dance halls, where we proposed to give them a party, and we were again on terra firma.

We still had a problem ahead of us. How could we get into any decent London hotel clad as we were in Eskimo clothes and rags? Our baggage consisted solely of my Winchester rifle, two white bear skins, some seal skins and our two paddles, which we had carved and brought along as mementos. We consulted our sailor friends. "Go to the Hand in Hand," they said, "the finest shop in London." They got all their finery there. Near the docks too. Now the money sewed in my watch pocket back in Selkirk came in handy.

Arrayed in odd-looking blue suits of a distinctly nautical cut, and brown and yellow beards, with the conventional sugar bowl haircuts we had given each other, we took a hansom and drove to the Charing Cross Hotel. His Magnificence, who acted as doorman, covered with medals, gold braid and thoroughly brass bound, gave us a critical look. "Do you wish rooms, sir?" "Yes." "No baggage, sir?" "Certainly," pointing to the bear skins. Too much for Brass Hat. He disappeared. Out came the head guy. Extremely affable. They are used to such arrivals in London—people turning up from the ends of the earth.

We were not shown, but escorted, to our rooms with our "baggage." Polite inquiries made as to the success of our expedition, etc., etc. Could they be of any use to us in securing the immediate services of tailors, haberdashers, etc.? We wished our mealy faced captain could have seen and heard all this. We felt like the King of Siam, or anyway as he is supposed to feel.

Two things still stand out vividly in my memory, the first hot bath and the dinner which followed it. It was early in June when I said good-bye to Mudville; it was now the end of November. The first hot bath in nearly six months combined with the first time in thirty-nine days that my clothes had come off me made a combination of unalloyed comfort and well being I shall never forget.

Then, too, it was the first time we had seen each other stripped since we left York Factory. Bill was a rack of bones. His ribs stuck out like a rat catcher's dog's. The contrast from what we both remembered his body looked like when he was at York Factory and before it was sealed up in his clothes on the ocean trip was so ludicrous we burst into roars of laughter. He weighed less than I did, whereas ordinarily there was generally a difference of thirty-five to forty pounds the other way.

During the course of a man's life there are certain meals he has eaten which, for some particular reason, stand out indelibly in his memory. Such was our first meal ashore. It was nearly six months since we had tasted any fresh vegetables, and our diet aboard ship of salt horse, sowbelly, hardtack and tea had put our stomachs on edge. Bathed and clothed in clean raiment, we sat down to a dinner that night I shall never forget.

Next morning we went to the head office of the Hudson's Bay Company. The atmosphere was in accordance with its ancient tradition. What would have been office boys with us were elderly dignified men dressed in the Hudson's Bay Company's livery—knee breeches, tail coats, striped coloured waistcoats made up, no doubt, in H B C colours. Everything about the place was dignified and quiet. Our business was soon over. They cashed our letters of credit. Then an impromptu reception was held. Other officers came in from adjoining rooms. Many questions were asked. They were most friendly and courteous, and we left with a delightful impression of the simplicity and kindliness of these men, some of whom were prominent in the business life of London.

There is but one more episode worth recording. It was our meeting with the squat captain one day on Piccadilly while we were on the crest of the London wave. Back in the eighties people were very dressy in London, much more so than they are now. The proper thing for a young buck of fashion to do then was to saunter out about eleven o'clock in the morning clad in a long frock coat, top hat, gloves, boutonnière, cane, spats, etc. Bill and I were walking along arm in arm down Piccadilly, arrayed in full regalia, when who should come along but our little swine, the captain. He saw us first, for when we saw him he was standing still, apparently paralyzed with amazement with his mouth wide open. We took a good look at him. He rushed towards us to speak to us. We gave him a cold and frosty look right in the eye and passed on. *Sic semper tyrannis. . . .*

Sic semper tyrannis . . .

CHIEF KWAH'S REVENGE

by W. P. Johnston

Chief Louis Billie Prince, descendant of Chief Kwah, tends his ancestor's grave on the bank of the Stuart River near Fort St. James.

STANDING on the banks of the Stuart River near the settlement of Fort St. James is the lonely grave of the great Chief Kwah, who at one time had a dispute with James Douglas (later Sir James Douglas) while he was post manager of the Hudson's Bay Company at Fort St. James, and had Douglas at the mercy of the famous dagger which has been handed down to the present day generation of the descendants of Kwah. Fortunately the chief spared the life of one who was to take a leading part in the early pioneering days of the country which was later to be known as the province of British Columbia.

Chief Louis Billie Prince, direct descendant of Kwah, is very proud of his relationship to the great chief, and has many tales to tell of his exploits. Louis Billie, now past three score years and ten, has a wonderful memory for the tales which were told to him by his father while they were on the trap line and the present chief was a small boy. The chief spends his summer evenings sitting on the river bank beside the grave, which he attends to the best of his ability. It is said that when Kwah was dying he asked to be buried beside the river where the salmon were running. Over his grave was suspended a small drum containing a few pebbles, and when his people were fishing there they listened regularly after sundown for the drum to rattle, which was an indication that the following day would be ideal for fishing and that they would all have good catches of salmon.

The following is one of the stories which have been told to the writer by Louis Billie: it is given practically as it was told.

Early one spring morning about 1780, Kwah returned from a hunting trip, and as he came out on the shores of Stuart Lake he saw by a glance at the camp of his people that something was wrong. There was no smoke rising from the houses and many dark specks could be seen lying around on the ice of the lake. Kwah hurried forward and saw that the figures on the ice were the mutilated remains of some of the members of his own tribe. He quickly made his way to the house of his father, who was the chief, and found that his parent had been cruelly murdered. With his great knowledge of woodcraft and ability to read signs, Kwah knew that his father could only have been murdered by the chief of the Blackwater Indians, whose people were responsible for the outrage.

It is said of Kwah that when he became enraged the veins would stand out on his forehead, and that he would practically become insane and strike anyone within reach. On this occasion he demonstrated to what heights his rage could go, and terrified his companions who had accompanied him on his hunting trip.

Although he was not in line for the chieftainship according to the local tribal laws, he automatically assumed command of the tribe and swore to be revenged on the Blackwater Indians. It was decided to wait for some time before making reprisals on the enemy, so as to lull them into a sense of security. In the meantime Kwah made a trip over the mountains to the Beaver Indians in the vicinity of Hudson's Hope to procure tanned mooseskins and sinews to make moccasins and other clothing for the army of warriors he intended to lead against the Blackwater Indians. They claim, although it is hard to believe in the present day, that Kwah and his few followers made the passage through the treacherous mountain canyon near Hudson's Hope in a bark canoe. There they came upon the lodges of the Beaver Indians, and the travellers were welcomed by the chief, Milyaze, who listened very attentively to Kwah's graphic story of the murderous assault upon the Stuart Lake people. The Beaver Indians were always short of arrow and spear heads, so Kwah brought a large sack full of these articles as a present to the chief.

The following ceremony then took place: A large white sheepskin was procured and laid on the ground, while both chiefs sat on either side of the skin and held a council which was attended by all the Beaver Indians and the visitors from Stuart Lake. The Beaver chief then took a green willow and broke it in two pieces, then placed a piece of willow on either side of the council fire with their ends leaning over the flames. As the willow twigs were affected by the heat they bent over and touched. The Beaver chief then told the assembled people that the fire represented the enemies of the visitors, and that the pieces of willow represented Beaver Indians and Kwah's people who would always be joined together against their enemies. He commanded his people to pay great heed to this demonstration of friendship and to assist the visitors as much as possible. Mooseskins and sinews were then presented to Kwah and he was assisted to make the portage around the dangerous canyon and cheered on his way back to Stuart Lake.

On the travellers' return all preparations were made for the attack on the Blackwater tribe. The women were set to work making moccasins, while the men prepared arrows and spears and put their canoes in shape for the journey. Kwah set off with his warriors, and four strong young women to act as seamstresses and cooks, for the near by village now known as Stoney Creek, from where he intended sending spies into the Blackwater country. Unfortunately for Kwah's well laid plans, some of the Blackwater men were married to women of the Stoney Creek village, and they set off to warn their countrymen of their impending danger. Kwah, on hearing of this treachery, called off the entire expedition and returned home in a towering rage, taking good care that the news of the retreat reached their enemies' ears.

This however was only a clever move on the part of Kwah, as he only waited a month or so and then set out with three of his relatives on a secret trip to the Blackwater country. They took care not to encounter any other Indians who might carry the news to the enemy that a punitive expedition was on its way. They abandoned their canoe and made their way on foot along the left bank of the river until they saw a fishing camp on the opposite side. After hiding in the woods for a few days, Kwah, who was also a great medicine man, went down to the river and, taking the skunk-skin amulet which he wore around his neck, dipped it into the river. Next day there was a dense fog, which enabled them to light a fire without detection so that they could make pitch to build a canoe with which they could cross the stream.

Kwah's famous dagger, symbol of chieftainship, with which the life of James Douglas was threatened in 1828. It is now in the possession of J. B. Munro, deputy minister of agriculture for B.C.

For the next few days Kwah kept watch on the enemy's camp. One evening a fat bear was killed, and the entire Blackwater camp spent the remainder of the night feasting in the large smoke house. Usually they left the camp circle each night and slept singly in the bush in readiness for any attack; but on this occasion they were all so gorged that they remained in the smoke house. Only one watchman remained on duty—a young lad who slept in a canoe on the beach and each morning at dawn would swim up and down each bank looking for signs of any invaders.

Kwah outlined his plan of attack to his followers, and after dark they crossed the river about a mile up from the camp and made their way stealthily towards their unsuspecting victims, who were all sound asleep. The smoke house had two entrances. Kwah stationed himself at one with his dagger ready for action, while at the other were his men with bows and arrows ready. At a given signal, according to their prearranged plan, they attacked the smoke house. There was a terrific slaughter in the confined space of the house; but two men managed to escape Kwah's dagger and, although one was severely wounded in the abdomen, they plunged into the river in an attempt to escape, followed by the swimming watchman. Kwah and the others jumped into a canoe and made after the swimmers. Kwah, crouched in the bow of the canoe, which was drawing close to one of the swimmers, called out and asked him his name. The swimming watchman, who was some distance away, called back that the man was his father, the Blackwater chief. Kwah, with a shout of glee, told his followers that this was the murderer of his father, and lustily attacked him and hacked him to pieces.

They then followed the watchman, but had difficulty in catching up with him, as he swam like an otter and kept diving below the surface. Eventually Kwah stabbed him through the leg and he was forthwith despatched. The man with the abdominal wounds was found sitting in the shallow water singing loudly. He was shown no mercy and was also killed and the body pushed into the stream.

Their mission accomplished, Kwah and his men departed overland, making all haste as they were afraid of pursuit. On crossing over a small stream, Kwah saw his reflection in the water and noticed that he was all covered with blood. He proceeded to wash himself, and then took some of the blood mixed with water between his cupped hands and took three mouthfuls of this. After drinking of the blood of his father's murderers, Kwah felt greatly refreshed, and a speedy trip was made back to Stuart Lake.

Author's Note—When I mentioned that some of Louis Billie's story did not agree with Father Morice's accounts, the old man was highly indignant and claimed that his were the authentic stories handed down by father to son and therefore bound to be correct.

AN AMERICAN SEARCH FOR THE NORTHWEST PASSAGE

by Bertha Solis-Cohen

An account of the little known expeditions which set sail from Philadelphia in 1753 and 1754.

THE war has brought people more into contact with Arctic travelling. Perhaps it has given them some thought of those courageous men who, years ago, ventured forth in light sailing vessels, with small crews, and the simplest of nautical and general equipment, in search of a Northwest Passage through America to China and the Indies. Numerous authors have written about these voyages, but few have mentioned the American Expedition that was sent from the Colonies in 1753, under Captain Charles Swaine. Yet the colonial newspapers noted it; the *Gentleman's Magazine*, published in London, carried accounts; and an extract from the captain's journal appeared in 1768 as an appendix to *The Great Probability of a North-West Passage* . . . . by Thomas Jefferys.

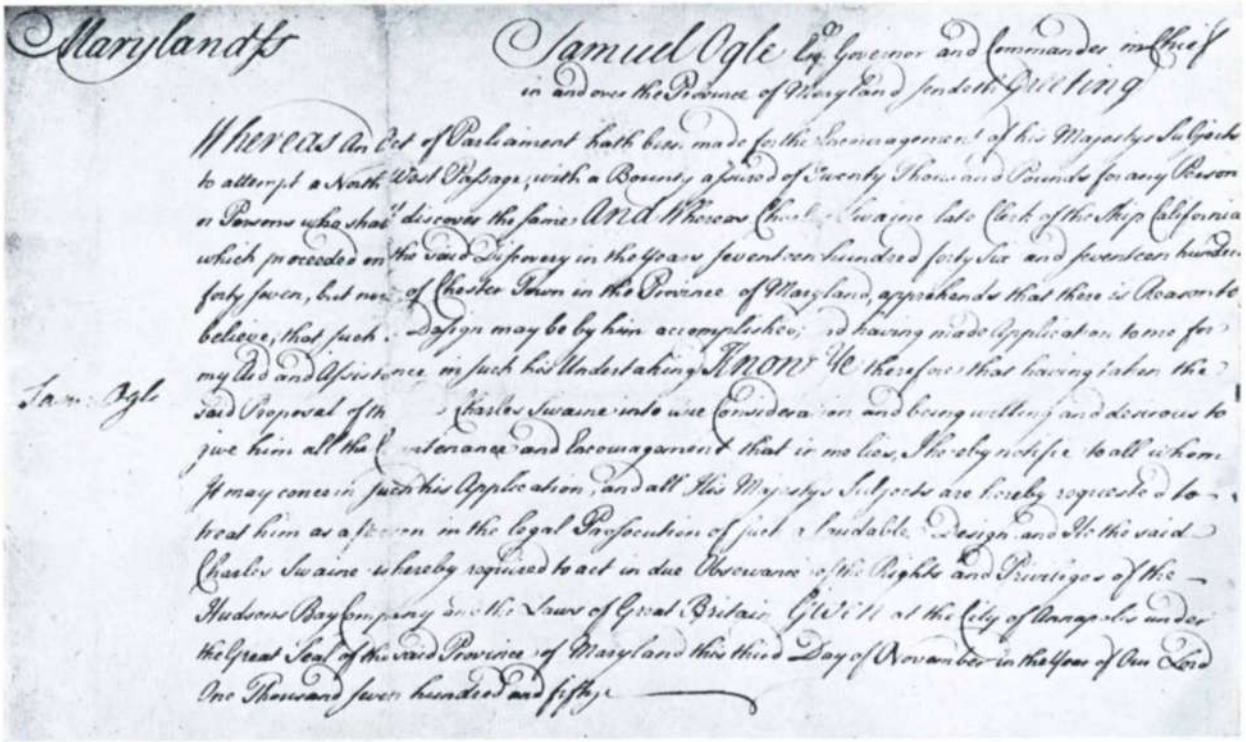
This American Expedition resulted from at least two things: one, the great interest that Benjamin Franklin had in Arctic exploration; and the other, because Charles Swaine wanted an opportunity to locate the passage himself. Swaine had been on the expedition of 1746-7, as clerk of the ship *California*, under Captain Francis Smith (see *The Beaver*, June 1936, page 49), and had written his experiences in a book entitled, *An Account of a Voyage for the Discovery of a North-West Passage*. . . . by "the Clerk of the *California*." It was published in two volumes in 1748 and 1749. In it he stated his reasons for believing that further search might locate the passage. Benjamin Franklin received the first volume soon after it appeared, for in November, 1748, he wrote to James Logan, acknowledging its receipt. This account of the expedition which set out after parliament had offered a reward of £20,000 at the suggestion of Arthur Dobbs, may have been the means of interesting Franklin in an American attempt. So little is known that one can only conjecture on this point.

The first intimation of Swaine's being in America is the document that Governor Ogle of Maryland Province gave him in November, 1750:

Marylands
Samuel Ogle Esq. Governor and Commander in Chief on and over the Province of Maryland sendeth Greeting.

Whereas An Act of Parliament hath been made for the Encouragement of his Majesty's Subjects to attempt a North West Passage, with a Bounty a purse of Twenty Thousand Pounds for any Person or Persons who shall discover the same And Whereas Charles Swaine late Clerk of the Ship *California* which proceeded on the said Discovery in the Years seventeen hundred forty-six and seventeen hundred forty-seven, but now of Chester Town in the Province of Maryland, apprehends that there is reason to believe that such Design may be by him accomplished, and having made Application to me for my Aid and Assistance in such his Undertakings Know Ye therefore that having taken the said

Governor Ogle's Commission to Charles Swaine, enjoining him to observe the rights and privileges of the Hudson's Bay Company. HIST. SOC. OF PA.


Marylandss Samuel Ogle Esq. Governor and Commander in Chief in and over the Province of Maryland sendeth Greeting

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Sam: Ogle

said Proposal of the Charles Swaine into our Consideration and being willing and desirous to give him all the Countenance and Encouragement that is meet, Do hereby notifie to all whom it may concern such his Application, and all His Majestys Subjects are hereby required to treat him as a person in the legal Prosecution of such laudable Design and We the said Charles Swaine is hereby required to act in due Observance of the Rights and Privileges of the Hudsons Bay Company and the Laws of Great Britain Given at the City of Annapolis under the Great Seal of the said Province of Maryland this third Day of November in the Year of Our Lord One Thousand seven hundred and fifty

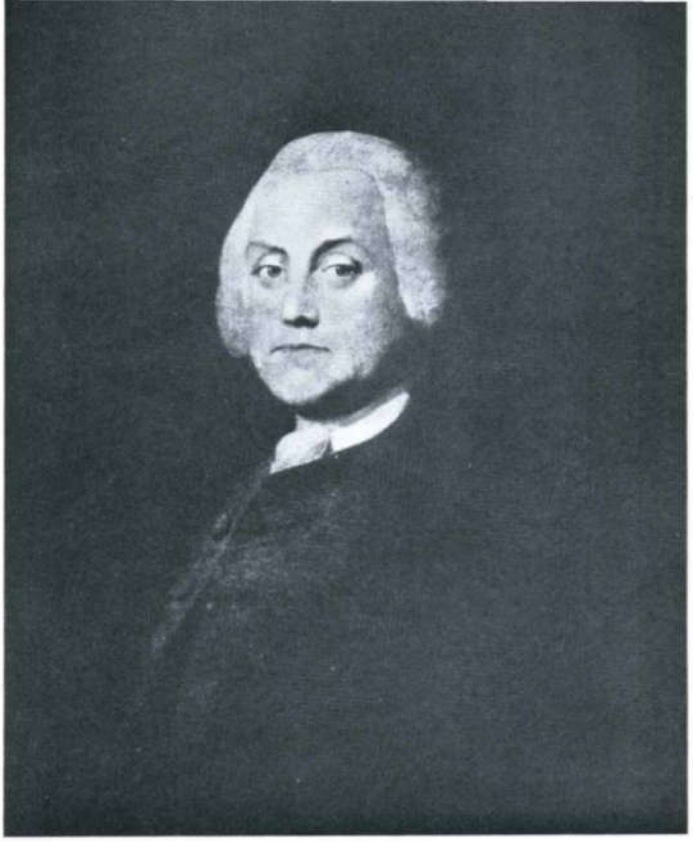
Proposal of th. . .Charles Swaine into due consideration and being willing and desirous to give him all the Consideration and Encouragement that in me lies, I hereby notifie to all whom It may concern such his Application and all His Majesty's Subjects are hereby requested to treat him as a person in the legal Prosecution of such a laudable Design, and He the said Charles Swaine is hereby required to act in due observation of the Rights and Privileges of the Hudson's Bay Company and the Laws of Great Britain Given at the City of Annapolis under the Great Seal of the said Province of Maryland this third Day of November in the Year of Our Lord One Thousand seven hundred and fiftye.

That winter the subscriptions for the shares in the expedition were being received, Chief Justice William Allen, of Pennsylvania, possibly acting as treasurer. Later Franklin wrote to Dr. Cadwallader Colden that he had raised £1,300. There is an undated expense account for the *Argo*, totalling £343, 32; this Charles Swaine sent to the Rev. Mr. Peters. (As it contains the only autograph of Swaine that I have seen, that part is reproduced here.)

The purpose of the expedition, according to Thomas Jefferys, was ". . . on a generous Plan, agreeable to Proposals made them with no View of any Monopoly which they opposed, not to interfere with the Hudson's Bay Trade, or to carry on a clandestine Trade with the Natives of Greenland, but to discover a North-west Passage, and explore the Labrador Coast, at that time supposed to be locked up under a pretended Right, and not frequented by the Subjects of England, but a successful Trade carried on by the French; to open a Trade there, to improve the Fishery and the Whaling on these Coasts, cultivate a Friendship with the Natives, and make them serviceable in a political Way; Which Design of theirs of a publick Nature, open and generous, was in a great Measure defeated by private Persons interfering, whose Views were more contracted."

William Allen, in November, 1752, wrote to Thomas Penn, son of William Penn, telling of the plans for the proposed expedition; of the delay in its execution; and of the threatened trade interference that was being contemplated by that "scoundrell of a parson, one James Sterling," of Maryland. Sterling, who knew all the plans and had signed the subscription list, had then gone to London to interest certain gentlemen in applying to the Crown for an exclusive patent for the trade. Allen enclosed in his letter, among other things, a petition to the King from the merchants, asking him to prevent the patent being granted. If Penn, who was in London, approved, he was to see that the petition was presented to the King. The following January Peter Collinson wrote Franklin that the Maryland parson had the project on foot; had succeeded in having it laid before the board of trade; but for the present it was at a stand. "Your petition no doubt, but will have its Effect—for all Trade ought to be Open and Free to all our King's Subjects."

The expedition sailed from Philadelphia on March 4, 1753, having fifteen persons aboard the sixty-ton schooner *Argo*. They touched at Hiannas, near Cape Cod, and at Portsmouth, New England, taking on her complement of hands and some particular necessaries; and left Portsmouth on April 15, with all well and in good spirits. On board were several persons used to the Indian trade and acquainted with the languages of many nations of Indians; also those skilful in whale fishing. Franklin published a summary of the voyage in *The Pennsylvania Gazette*, after their return on November 11, 1753:

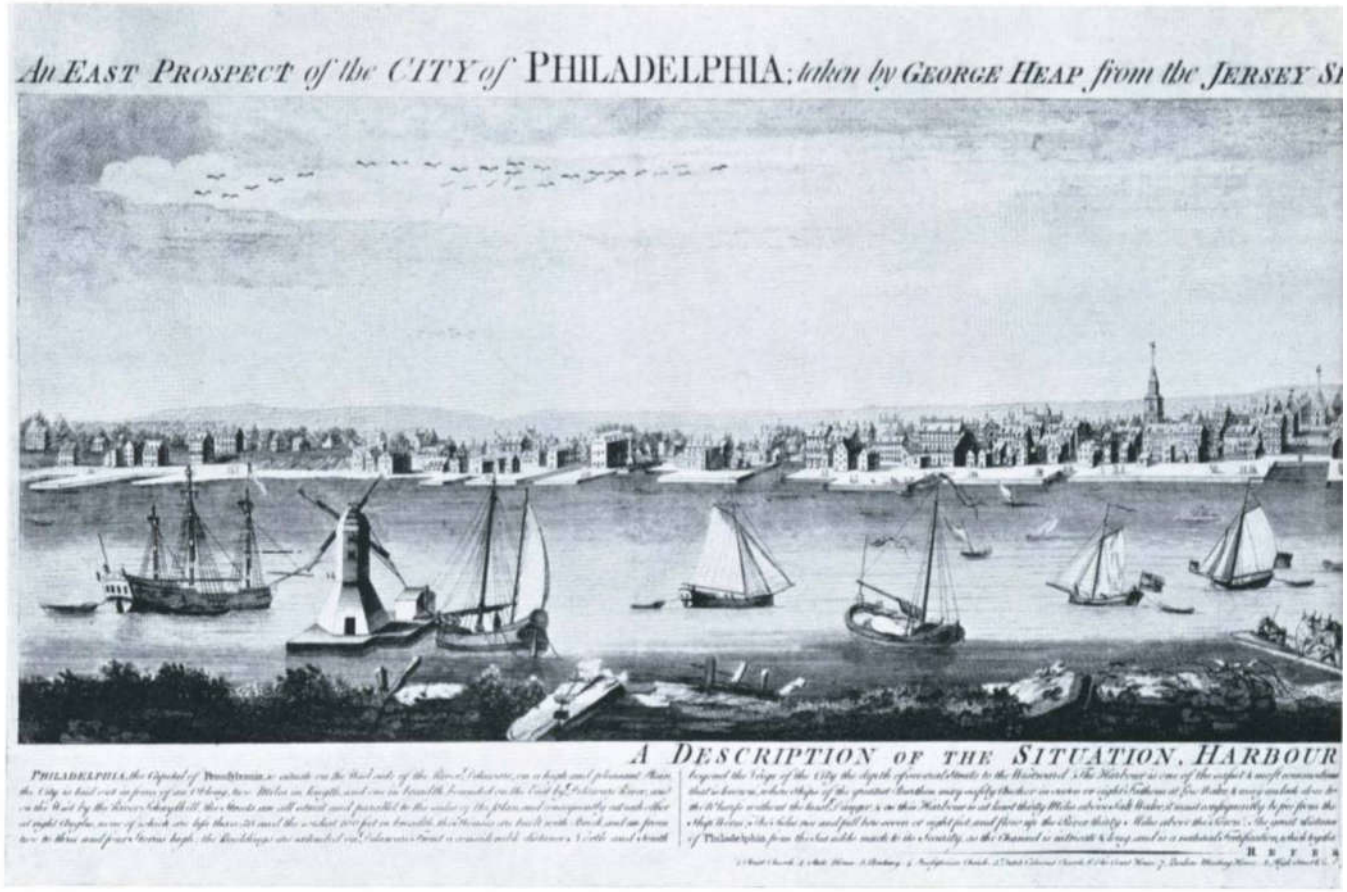


Benjamin Franklin

From the original portrait painted from life by Benjamin Wilson in 1759 and taken from Franklin's house in Philadelphia, July 1778 by Major André and restored to the Nation April 1906 by Earl Grey Governor General of Canada

Franklin was one of the sponsors of the expedition. The original of this portrait hangs in the White House. From the reproduction in the Pennsylvania Magazine of History and Biography.

"Sunday last arriv'd here the Schooner *Argo*, Captain Charles Swaine, who sail'd from this Port last Spring on the Discovery of a North-west Passage. She fell in with the Ice off of Farewell; left the Eastern Ice, and fell in with the Western Ice in Lat. 58, and Cruis'd to the Northward to Lat. 63 to clear it, but could not, it then extending to the Eastward. On her return to the Southward, she met with two Danish Ships bound to Ball River and Disco up Davis's Straits, who had been in the Ice fourteen Days off Farewell, and had then stood to Westward, and assured the Commander that the Ice was fast to the Shore all above Hudson's Straits Distance of 40 Leagues Out, and that there had not been such a Severe Winter as the last these 24 Years that they had used that Trade; they had been 9 weeks from Copenhagen. The *Argo* finding that she could not get around the Ice, press'd thro' it, and got into the Straits Mouth the 25th of June, and made the Island Resolution, but was forc'd out by vast Quantities of driving Ice, and got into a clear Sea the first of July. On the 14th, cruising the Ice for an Opening to get in again, she met 4 Sail of Hudson's Bay Ships [*Prince Rupert*, *Sea Horse*, *King George* and *Hudson's Bay*], endeavoring to get in, and continued with them until the 19th, when they parted


An EAST PROSPECT of the CITY of PHILADELPHIA: taken by GEORGE HEAP from the JERSEY S
A DESCRIPTION OF THE SITUATION, HARBOUR

Philadelphia, as it appeared from across the Delaware at the time of Swaine's voyages. The spire farthest to the left i

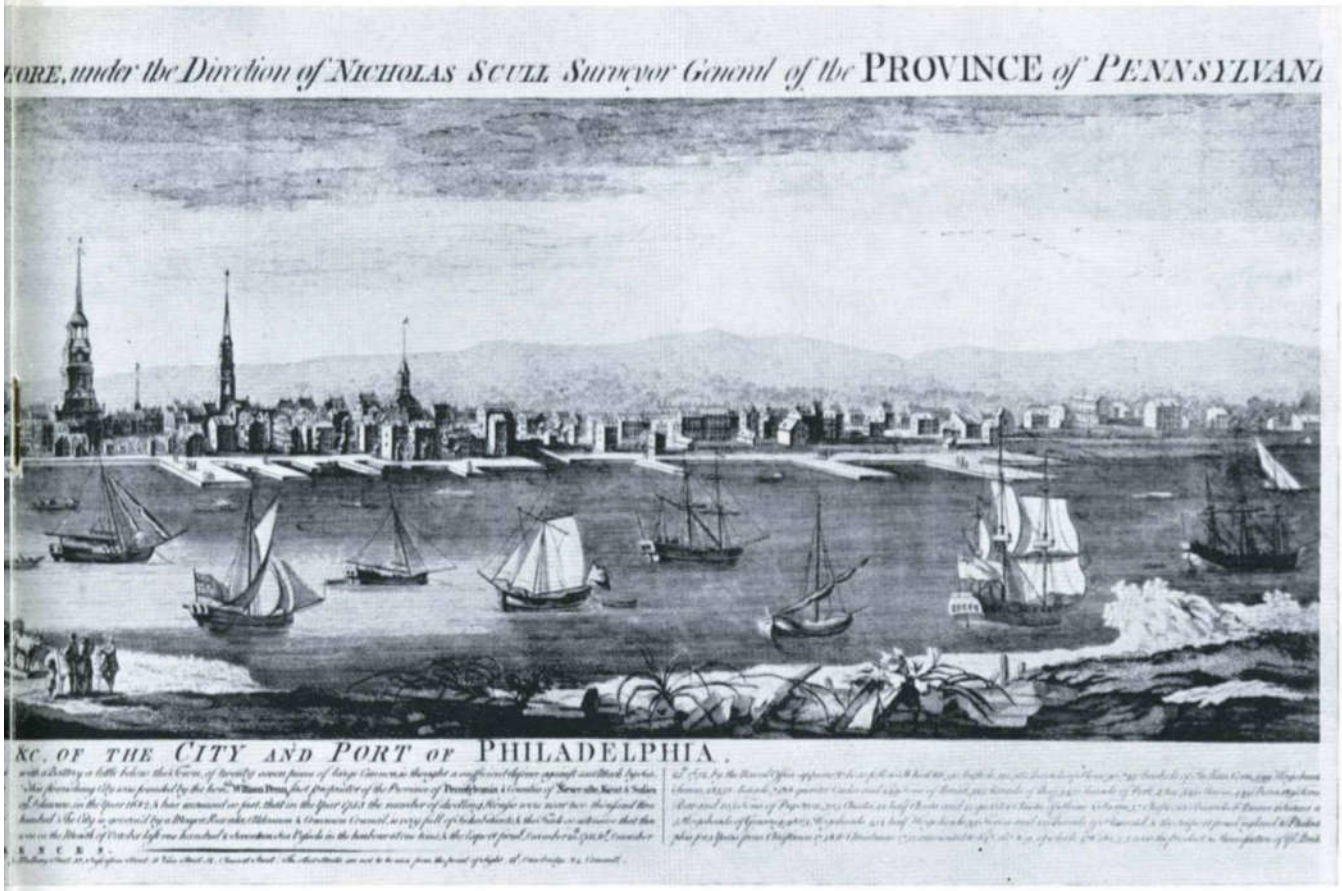
in thick Weather in Lat. 62 and a Half; which thick Weather continued to the 7th of August; the Hudson's Bay men supposed themselves 40 Leagues from the western Land. The *Argo* ran down the Ice from 63 to 57.30, and after repeated Attempts to enter the Straits in vain, as the Season for Discovery on the Western Side of the Bay was over, she went on the Labrador Coast, and discover'd it perfectly from 56 to 55, finding no less than 6 Inlets, to the Heads of all which they went, and of which we hear they have made a very good Chart, and have a better Account of the Country, its Soil, Produce, &c. than has hitherto been published. The Captain says 'tis much like Norway; and that there is no communication with Hudson's Bay thro' Labrador where one has hitherto imagined, a high Ridge of Mountains running North and South about 50 Leagues within the Coast. . . . . Captain Swaine discover'd a fine fishing Bank which lies but 6 Leagues off the Coast, and extends from Lat. 57, to 54, supposed to be the same hinted at in Capt. Davis's Second Voyage. No bad Accident happened to the Vessel, and the Men kept in perfect Health during the whole Voyage, and return'd all well."

Two weeks after their return, some of the subscribers met at The Bull's Head, in Philadelphia, and expressed their satisfaction with what Captain Swaine was able to accomplish, although his main purpose was unsuccessful. They unanimously voted to give him a handsome present. Then the episode was apparently closed, for in February the *Argo*, with all her equipment, was advertised for sale. However, it was decided to make another attempt in the spring.

The information about the second voyage is very meagre. They set out in the spring, returning in the fall, 1754. Robert Levers wrote William Parsons: "The Schooner in Search of the North West Passage is returned without any Hopes of Success; Poor Mr. John Patten, whom I suppose You remember, with two of the Sailors, were killed by the Indians being on an Island some distance from the Schooner fishing." Patten, or Pattin, was draftsman and mineralist. Jefferys, in his account, gives a hint of intrigue involving the search for the copper mine; ". . . three of the People who went beyond the Place appointed by their Orders, and inadvertently to look for a Mine, Samples of which had been carried home the Year before, and this at the Instigation of a private Person before they set out from home, without the Privity of the Commander, were killed by the Eskemaux, and the Boat taken from them."

After the return of the schooner on October 20, 1754, Captain Swaine gave the Library Company of Philadelphia several costumes worn by the "Eskemaux Indians," who inhabited the southern part of Labrador; and also several of their utensils and other curiosities. These were a present from the "North-West Company," as the sponsors apparently called themselves.

Swaine was convinced that the "Eskemaux" traded with the French, although, he said, the "latest" French authors represented them as a savage people, who would never have any commerce with them. His implication is clear. Because the Eskimos desired to trade; because of their courteous manners, and use of the word "Capitane," he reached this conclusion:


CORE, under the Direction of NICHOLAS SCULL Surveyor Genenl of the PROVINCE of PENNSYLVANI
&c. OF THE CITY AND PORT OF PHILADELPHIA.

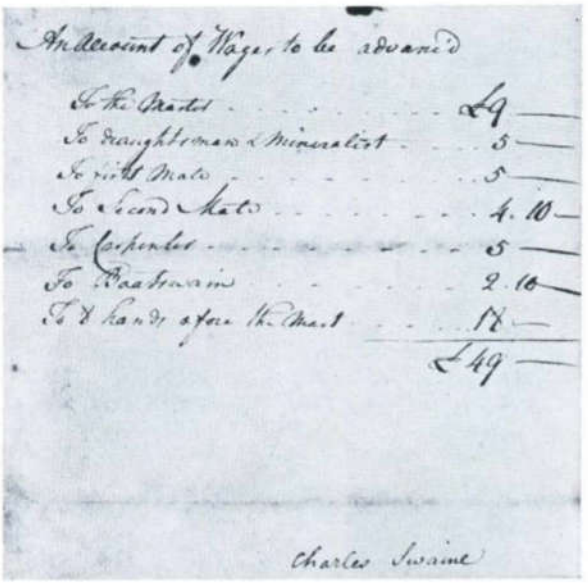
s that of the State House, where the Declaration of Independence was signed. PHELPS STOKES COLL., N.Y. PUB. LIBRARY

"... As the Eskemaux came along-side the Schooner, they were presented with a Biscuit, a Person standing in the main Chains with a Basket for that Purpose. Then they aboard the Schooner showed a Kettle, a Hatchet, and some other Things, which seemed much to please the Eskemaux. One of them attempting to get into the Schooner, two of the People helped him in; He was received civilly on the Quarter-deck; the Trading Box shewed him, a Spoon, a Knife and a Comb with which he touched his hair and seemed desirous of, were given him. Other Eskemaux were by this time aboard. They were presented with Fish-hooks, small Knives, Combs, and a King George's shilling apiece, which they carefully put into their Sleeves. In the interim the Eskemaux who came first was gone to the Side, and called to another yet in the Canoe under the Title of Capitane. The Eskemaux so called to immediately came aboard, saluted the Commander with three Congees, and kissed each Cheek. He was presented with a Spoon and a Knife. Being shown the Goods, appeared very desirous of a File, offered old Cloaths for it. But the Commander signified he would not trade for old Cloaths, but Shoecock (which is Whalebone in their Language) or Skins."

A part of the journal is devoted to the meeting with Captain Elijah Goff, from London. Among other things, Goff told him that he had met a Captain Taylor in a ship fitted out from Rhode Island, which was on its way to try to locate the passage and explore the coast of Labrador. Taylor told Goff that the schooner from Philadelphia would soon be out. So far, I have not been able to locate any further information about this ship, the voyage being even more obscure than that of Swaine's expedition.

The expedition sponsored by Benjamin Franklin and other interested men did not succeed in proving that there was or was not a Northwest Passage. It did succeed in exploring a small section of the Labrador coast; in finding a good fishing bank; in locating a coast that was convenient for carrying on a fur trade, and for trading for whalebone and oil. After London received Swaine's reports, the government ordered a survey made of the coast. The Colonies, apparently, did nothing further. Regardless of results, however, this American expedition deserves a place in any summary of Arctic exploration, as it shows that in colonial times the Americans had an interest in trying to find the much-sought Northwest Passage.

Part of the "estimate of expence" for the "Argo," bearing Swaine's signature. HIST. SOC. OF PA.


An Account of Wages to be advanced

To the Master	£9 —
To Draughtsman & Mineralist	5 —
To first Mate	5 —
To Second Mate	4. 10 —
To Carpenter	5 —
To Boatswain	2. 10 —
To 8 hands before the Mast	18 —
	£49 —

Charles Swaine

KENNICOTT IN THE NORTH

by Grace Lee Nute

From the Kennicott collection of manuscripts at Chicago, Dr. Nute has culled some lively accounts of life at Company posts.

IN the years between 1859 and 1862 a blithe spirit enlivened many a Company post in the far Northwest. He was affectionately called "Kenny" by the men at such far-away posts as Liard, Simpson, Rae, Good Hope, and Resolution. His real name was Robert Kennicott.

It is hard to account for the explorer spirit in this son of a well-to-do physician and horticulturist of a Chicago suburb, all the more as he was slight, frail, and beset with ill health from childhood. Another Robert, of South Sea fame, inevitably comes to mind as one reads the record and writings of this young scientist.

Possibly it was that very ill health that brought about young Kennicott's dare-devilish yearning to see the little known parts of the North. Formal schooling, after many trials, had to be abandoned. Robert was tutored by exceptional minds, friends of his father in several instances, many of whom were natural scientists and kept the lad in the open while he learned not only the fundamentals, but also the basic demands of the scientific spirit. He soon came to the attention of men like Spencer Fullerton Baird of the Smithsonian Institution, Dr. Daniel Brainard, Dr. P. R. Hoy (a leading ornithologist of the day), Dr. John Evans (president of the Northwestern University board of trustees), and even the great Agassiz. Under encouragement of these men and others, he was soon making important field trips and publishing articles.

One of his trips, when he was twenty-two years of age, took him up the Mississippi River to St. Paul in the summer of 1857, and thence across the prairies to Pembina and the Red River Settlement. His delight in his experiences was boundless. Letters to his family were ecstatic about the life of the voyageurs, as he chose to call the half-breeds with whom he travelled in a Red River cart train. Almost certainly it was the knowledge he gained at the Settlement that gave him a lively desire to go out with Hudson's Bay Company men to the remote posts in the Northwest. In any event, the spring of 1859 found him at Collingwood, Ontario, ready to venture into the region beyond Lake Athabaska under the auspices of the Company.

On the Lake Superior steamer, *Rescue*, to Fort William he had the good fortune to have as a travelling companion George Barnston, an account of whom appeared in *The Beaver* of December 1941. Besides being an experienced trader and explorer, Barnston had been the chief factor at Norway House, to which Kennicott was immediately bound. He was already known as a natural scientist of repute. He gave Kennicott much sound advice for travelling in the interior, and even some new scientific facts regarding wild life in the regions to be visited. In a letter that Kennicott sent home to his family at this time from Fort William he writes, "Three large canoes 30 feet long each (called 'North canoes' by the voyageurs) and 31 men are going from here to Norway House and in these, by the kindness of Mr Barnston Chief Factor of Lake Superior District and of Mr [John] Macintyre chief trader of this post, Mr Hubbard and I are to have passage."

Robert Kennicott, celebrated American naturalist, poses in a photographer's studio after his return from the North.

To Lake Winnipeg he had the companionship of Hubbard, but the latter went on to the Red River Settlement to meet Sir George Simpson, who was expected at that place via steamer to St. Paul and a Red River trail journey. Kennicott went on to Norway House, where he later met Simpson. Even the autocratic Little Emperor, now almost at the end of his spectacular career, seems to have been impressed by the youth. The two men must have met earlier, for Simpson, writing in May 1860 to Kennicott's father in reply to an offer of plants and shrubs, says, "I am quite sure they will prove a great addition to the beauty of my grounds at Ile Dorval, which it appears your son has described to you in, I fear, too glowing colors." There are numerous items by and about Simpson in the Kennicott papers, one of which describes him in 1860 aboard a steamer bound to St. Paul on his last trip west: "Sir Geo Simpson came on board at Prairie du Chien. I have made his acquaintance and will have the pleasure of his company until I get to St Paul tomorrow. . . . he speaks very highly of Bob [Kennicott], says all the men and officers who have made his acquaintance like him very much, also that Bob may remain in the Territory as long as he pleases.

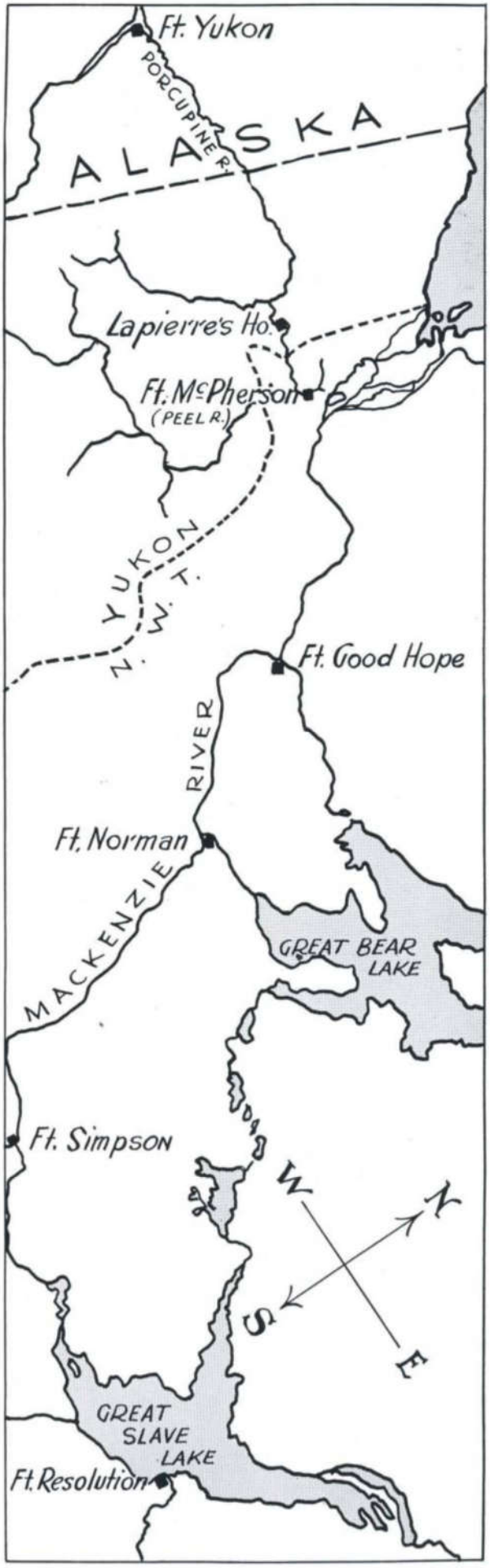
Sir Geo is 70 [73] years old short & has white hair & beard." A letter of Simpson's of May 9, 1860, mentions Robert's impression of Company men: "It affords me much satisfaction to learn that your son speaks in such flattering terms of the attentions he has received from the gentlemen of the Hudsons Bay Company's service. His mission I trust may prove entirely successful."

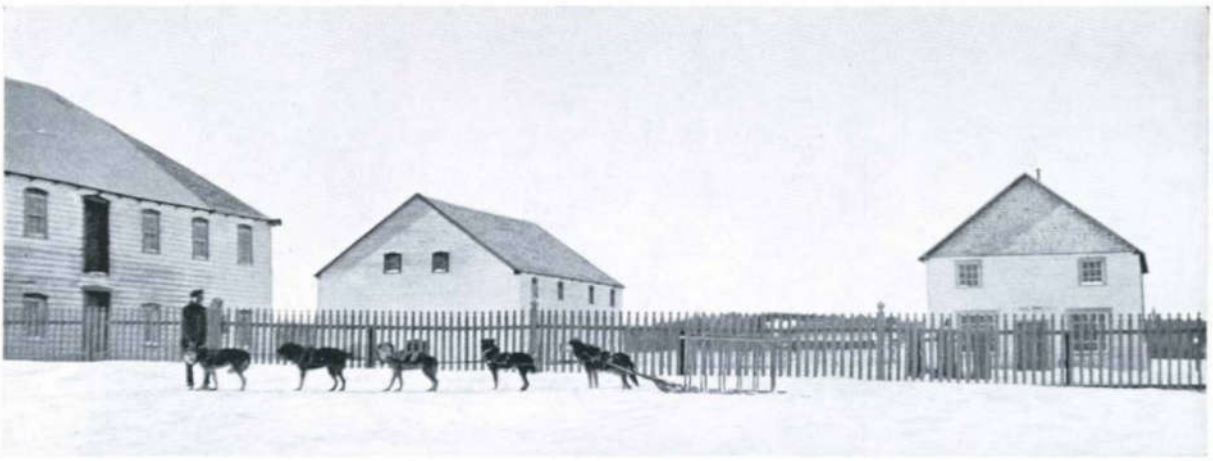
From Fort Simpson Kennicott wrote to his brother: "At Norway House I got into a big clumsy boat some eight feet wide and forty feet long, and in this went across Lake Winnipeg and up the Saskatchewan to Cumberland House, then up a small river to English River, then up that to Isle a La Crosse, and a little beyond that, up Methy River is the Long Portage (Portage la Loche) twelve miles across, and dividing the waters of Lake Winnipeg from those of the Arctic Ocean. Be sure I felt strangely as I looked from the high bluff down 1,500 feet upon the water now first seen that was flowing so far to the north." At the portage he caught up with Bernard Rogan Ross, chief factor in charge of the Mackenzie River district, and travelled on with him to Fort Chipewyan, Fort Resolution at the mouth of Slave River, and down the Mackenzie to Fort Simpson.

Here he spent the autumn and most of the winter of 1859-60. In January he had his first experience with dog teams when he travelled with a team to Fort Liard. This time his dogs were poor, but later he became quite enamoured of riding with dogs and secured for himself a team of four of the best dogs in the whole Northwest. He wrote in glowing terms of them when giving his family an account of his experiences.

On June 23, 1860, he wrote to his brother from Fort Resolution, describing his life there and near by with "Lawrence Clarke a Clerk in HB cos service now in charge of Ft Rae."

Laurence Clarke as a chief factor in 1871.





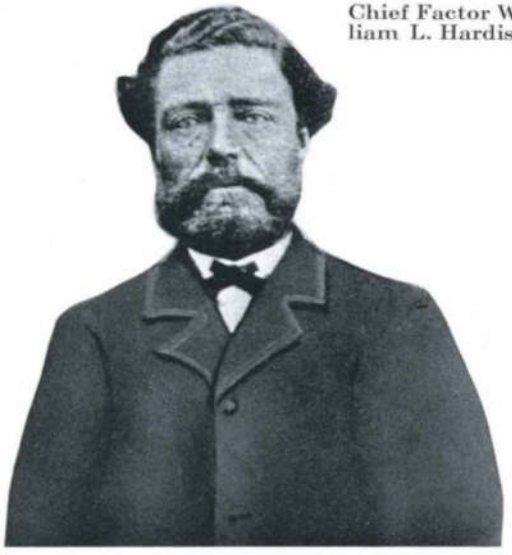
At Fort Simpson about twenty-five years ago. P. H. Godsell.

If anyone wants to know what Ive done they must ask Prof Baird as I cannot myself say. I believe tho just between you and I that Ive determined several very interesting points in zoology tho as I say Ive only got birds as yet this spring. As for specimens my list of all since I left home reaches to no. 900 . . . but of course tis not the bulk of the specimens but the few important ones that make the collection valuable if it is so!

He speaks highly of Clarke and then hopes that he can "keep up steam this way all next winter. One consolation is that [James] Lockart & [Strachan] Jones (the clerks at Yukon) are good fellows that I can feel intimate with and so not be all shut up within myself as I was at Ft Simpson last winter."

These men all became fast friends of Kennicott's. After his return home in 1862, Clarke wrote him a ten-page letter full of incident and personalities. Its opening sentences tell something of the genial quality that made friends so easily for Kennicott:

I hope this will find you happily united to your family, reposing from the arduous toils of a three-year wandering in Indian Land. I can assure you without flattery that you are much missed, and all were regretting your departure from amongst us last Autumn at the usual yearly gathering. Your health was drunk and your amiabilities toasted until you ought to feel yourself reduced to a cinder. I did not fail to place your doings at PLL [Portage la Loche] in a proper light & I need not say that all were very grateful & the frequent reply of 'just like Kenny' spoke fully of the estimation in which you are held by the officers of McKenzie River District.



Chief Factor William L. Hardisty.

Something of the hilarity of such gatherings and Kennicott's contributions thereto may be gleaned from ensuing sentences.

When I left Fort Simpson there was not as much grog left as would make a fly squint; all you sent from the portage, all P. Baird sent in to us together with Hardistys & my voyaging allowance besides 4 Gallons of [word illegible] that McFarlane got from England all went. Such jollifications I have never seen and such scenes ye gods! I wish you had been there. Balls every night and sprees every day.

The men to whom Clarke refers—Roderick MacFarlane and W. L. Hardisty—as well as himself and several others, became ardent collectors under the spell of Kennicott's enthusiasm for natural history. For years after he left, indeed, for long after his death, huge collections poured into the Smithsonian's museum from Hudson's Bay Company posts in the far North. Clarke's letter shows his own interest: "I think you will find that now Ross has left the district, that our fellows will go more eagerly into the collecting business. I certainly shall. So far I have done very well. . . . I have now the meterological Register for Sept. October & Novr pretty complete in itself, with a detailed journal of the Aurora Borealis & its variations. I am writing a tract on the Dog ribs, this country, its resources & habits &c of the Reindeer." He includes in this letter a most vivid account of a trip recently made with his dogs, when he "drank several pots [of tea] from a very ancient looking old copper Kettle belonging to one of the men." He was poisoned and became so weak that he could not travel with the rest and sent them on ahead. He camped alone, though so weak he could hardly make a fire and unharness his dogs. After incredible hardship he finally got back to his post and was recuperating as he wrote the letter.

Kennicott got to Fort Resolution in April 1860, and watched the spring come with its myriads of birds. Hardisty was helping him collect, and his journal is full of Latin names. In August he left Fort Resolution and descended the Mackenzie to Peel River, crossed the mountains to La Pierre's House, which he reached

on September 18, and went down the Porcupine to Fort Yukon. There he spent the winter of 1860-61 with Lockhart and Jones. Lockhart and he did a great deal of hunting, trapping, and collecting. In April he made a trip to La Pierre's House and then returned to the Yukon, where he saw another fine Arctic spring arrive with its endless flocks of geese and other birds. He had been "hibernating" mentally, he wrote, but spring revived him.

> Since then I've been neither lethargic nor lazy. And when the letters arrived in the packet a few days after, I got into the highest state of animal spirits imaginable, which state has been kept up ever since by the *rarae aves* Lockhart and I have been daily procuring. . . . From the last of May till now (June 24th) Lockhart and I have been at work generally about eighteen hours out of every twenty-four. As it is light all night, we pay little attention to the time of day, but just work as long as we can keep awake. . . . The hunting in the canoes is glorious sport, but unfortunately we do not get the best collections in them, but while wading, or on land, in both which situations the mosquitoes are *horrible* beyond all conception. I often long for a temperature of 50° or 60° below zero that I might be relieved from them. It is not the cold, but the mosquitoes, that is the hardest thing to endure in the north.

Indeed, Kennicott's delight in the Arctic winter was immense. The rigours of it seemed to whet his appetite for more. He wrote of it in almost poetic terms in his diary and to his friends and relatives, describing his clothes, his snowshoes, his dogs, his food, and methods of travelling and camping. He secured several native costumes, one of which, belonging to C. P. Gaudet of the Peel River post, he describes thus: "Gaudet and I sported fancy voyageurs' costumes, including big-horn (mountain sheep) skin shirts, with immense Capuchins or hoods of young caribou skin, all with the short summer hair on. These, though too heavy for ordinary wear, are very comfortable in extreme cold, when walking slowly." He makes the point several times that walking was ordinarily too rapid to admit of heavy or fur clothes; and that it was the great quantities of meat and the regular, strenuous exercise he took that kept him from feeling the extreme cold of the North.

He moved about a great deal in 1861. He left the Yukon by boat on August 8 and arrived at James Flett's post, La Pierre's House, on September 7, stopping en route to kill caribou. "I got heartily sick of summer voyaging, and longed for snow and cold weather." In the fall he crossed the mountains to Peel River to meet the mail boats. He remained there till December and then returned to La Pierre's House, with the thermometer at sixty degrees below zero. Of the master of the post he writes:

> James Flett, an Orkneyman, an old voyageur, seventeen years in the service, at present acting as post master, though without rank, and a brick, though a rather rough and unadorned one, is in charge of La Pierre's House. He gave me an exceedingly warm welcome, even for this hospitable country; and had evidently taken no little pains in fitting up a room, etc., for me, as I had promised to spend some time with him. Despite my rather large dinner I managed to make a supper of caribou steak, back fat, tongues, bangs [cakes of flour, water, and whitefish roe fried in fat], and tea, that would have been three days' 'prey' for one of you miserable outsiders.

On February 11, 1862, he left La Pierre's House to cross the mountains to Peel River en route to Anderson. "Mr Gaudet has added to the load of personal obligations I am under to him, by giving me his dog Dimah. . . . He would not sell him for any price, but at last gave him to me. . . Dimah (whom I shall now call Tingeuk) is the best dog in the district. . . . All my dogs were originally from the Yukon."

Kennicott's diary, as far as it has been preserved, ends at Peel River on February 11, 1862, but a letter of February 18 to his brother Charles carries on the story for a few days. In the spring he walked to Fort Simpson, where he got word of his father's illness and hurried home. It has been stated that he entered the Union army, then fighting the southern states in rebellion, and became a captain, but there seems to be no proof of this. In 1864 he was made curator of the new Chicago Academy of Sciences. A few months later he became chief of explorations on a trip to erect an overland telegraph line between Alaska and Europe.

La Pierre's House, from the sketch in Alexander Hunter Murray's Yukon journal of June 16, 1847. Note the dome-like Indian lodge, visible above the York boat. Courtesy Mrs. J. D. Ruttan.

(See *The Beaver*, March 1942.) It was on this trip that he died suddenly of a heart attack at Nulato. His body was carried by boat five hundred miles down the Yukon, taken by the flagship of his expedition to San Francisco, and home to the family plot in West Northfield outside Chicago. One who was present at the interment wrote: "This was during one of the coldest days of January, 1867; and as the cortege moved on, the birds (particularly the black-cap titmouse) gathered in great numbers on the trees, and as the coffin was lowered into the grave, a flock of quails approached and gave forth a call—not the cheerful notes 'Bob White,' so familiar to us in the bright days of spring and summer, but the plaintive note uttered when the night is coming on and the flock is to be gathered for repose."

As for Kennicott's friends in the North, his influence seems to have had much to do with the later lives of several of them. Roderick MacFarlane continued for years to send specimens and articles to the Smithsonian Institution. Year after year the secretary's report refers to him, often in terms of gratitude. In his report of 1868, he stated that MacFarlane was entitled "to the credit of being the largest contributor to the Smithsonian Collections, and having done more than any other person in making known the productions and character of the regions he has explored. The record of specimens bearing his name already amounts to over ten thousand entries." An interesting reference to Kennicott's influence on him may be found in Sir William Butler's *The Wild North Land*, which recounts

Chief Factor Roderick MacFarlane, one of the many Company officers whom Kennicott interested in natural history.

Chief Factor Bernard Rogan Ross, discoverer of Ross's goose.

the author's trip through western Canada by dogsled in 1872. This report of the Smithsonian's secretary also mentions contributions from other men of the Hudson's Bay Company, among them J. McDougal, Lockhart, Ross, Jones Gaudet, Hardisty and Kirby.

The report of 1867 mentions not only most of these men, but also W. Brass, J. and A. Flett, R. McDonald, and James Sibbeston; and it adds: "To Mr. B. R. Ross, the Institution owes a valuable contribution from Hudson's Bay, embracing the first specimens of a large bird, the *bernicla leucopsis*, known to have been found in North America." This *branta leucopsis*, as it is now designated, is the barnacle goose, a European bird similar to the American brant. Occasionally it strays to American shores, but to find it in the Mackenzie River area is quite unusual. Ross had previously sent specimens of a small goose from Fort Resolution to John Cassin, who had named this new species after the donor. (See the article on the discovery of the breeding grounds of Ross's Goose, in *The Beaver*, December 1940).

It is a tribute to Kennicott's gay, generous, graceful personality, that he could inspire such friendship and enthusiasm in these men—some of the finest officers that the Great Company has produced. His accomplishments in so short a life were great, yet he has been practically forgotten for many years. Only now, when Alaska looms large in the war strategy of the United Nations, does he seem to be regaining his proper niche in the history of a continent.

Kennicott's Journal for 1859-62, and a bibliography of his writings, will be found in "The First Scientific Exploration of Russian America and the Purchase of Alaska," by James Alton James, Northwestern University, 1942.

COSTUMES OF THE PLAINS INDIANS

by W. Bleasdell Cameron

Illustrations by
C. Bodmer and J. Simpkins

Their dress bore little resemblance to the feathered finery of to-day's "tourist" Indians.

LOOK at a coloured print of an American Indian as customarily displayed for sale in drug or tobacco stores, and what do you see? A face, often handsome, intelligent, with skin of a copper tint, set in a gorgeous frame of black-tipped eagle-tail plumes. The Indian whose person is dominated by this finely featured face is probably wearing a fringed buckskin coat or shirt, decorated by small artistically beaded rosettes from which depend scalps, tufts of dyed horsehair or coloured ribbon, beaded blue or scarlet stroud leggings and moccasins, the uppers worked in novel geometric designs with coloured beads. And usually he is carrying a rifle. Altogether our red brother is a striking and picturesque figure.

From these showy and eye-filling trappings the average white man is likely to get an erroneous conception of the Indian's customary dress, and think that the red man was always arrayed in such habiliments, even when on the warpath or in battle. This is a misconception which calls for deflating. The showy apparel was the red man's "top hat, white tie and tails"; he wore it only on special occasions—when on parade, at ceremonial dances, receptions of tribal or paleface dignitaries, or other state affairs. Customarily there was nothing very spectacular or attractive about the garb of the ordinary Indian. His usual dress was of the decidedly nondescript pattern.

There were exceptions—dandies among them. Little Poplar for example. I first saw him in the spring of 1884. He had recently come from across "the Line"—Montana—with several of his six wives, one a Crow

Little Poplar in his finery.

Little Poplar on the warpath.

woman; and he was quite elaborately attired. Starting at the top, he wore a broad-brimmed Stetson hat with a flexible brass band, an eagle feather stuck in the side; a fancy blanket over his left shoulder supported at the waist by a broad brass-studded leather belt, from which hung in a thick leather scabbard one of the heavy broad-bladed "buffalo" knives sold by the Hudson's Bay Company; and a 45 calibre Colt six-shooter. Heavily beaded cloth leggings and moccasins completed his dress, and of course he carried a rifle. He was insolently berating Farming Instructor Delaney (one of the victims next year of the Frog Lake Massacre) for his supposed niggardliness in handing out rations—meaning provisions—to the Indians, though the instructor of course could ration them only to the extent that he had authority. Little Poplar was one of the band's councillors. His brother, Nacotan, another of Chief Big Bear's followers, also showed his weakness for finery and often appeared "dressed up."

In May of the following spring I again saw Little Poplar—I believe for the last time. I was then a prisoner of Big Bear's band, and we were camped in the

valley of the Little Red Deer River, when word of the arrival at Fort Pitt of the *chemoginusuk* (the soldiers) reached us. In the early morning of the 28th Little Poplar rode through the camp quavering the Cree war song and upbraiding some of his laggard or timid fellow-tribesmen for their tardiness in preparing to fight. From somewhere or other he had dug up a small bowler hat, and this, with a brass-studded vest, a breechclout and moccasins, completed his wardrobe. His legs and the rest of his body were bare, but streaked with white mud. Across his pony's withers lay his Winchester rifle. Nothing gaudy about Little Poplar this May morning of 1885.

By way of contrast, let's take a look at the old chief, Big Bear. I am not sure when I first saw him, but I recall vividly a day in 1884 in old Battleford when a large party of Plains Crees, headed by the two principal chiefs, came into the old territorial capital on a hunger or "begging" dance. These were quite in the character of events. The Indians, barring paint and feathers, were for the most part naked. Big Bear on this occasion was garbed in an ordinary black suit which had once been new, a soft black felt hat and unadorned moccasins. Seated on the ground before Sandy Macdonald's store in the old town, the Indians formed a circle and Big Bear, mounted on a white horse, rode up and down in front of it, proclaiming in a loud voice: "*Tapway, meewasin omah, Nootendo Seepee! Tapway namoya iyumun omah!*" (Certainly, it is good here, Battle River [the Cree name for Battleford]. Of a certainty it is not hard—difficult—here!) He meant that it was a good place—that they were being well treated, when the trader piled up flour and other provisions and tobacco before the dancers in payment for the entertainment.

Above: Sioux woman and Assiniboine girl. Below: left, Assiniboine; right, Yankton Sioux. C. Bodmer.

I cannot recall ever seeing Big Bear painted or wearing any finery, even on special occasions. His usual attire was a rough shirt, a blanket and moccasins. Unlike Poundmaker, whose hair (of which he was inordinately proud) fell in two enormous shining black plaits to his knees, Big Bear's locks, to which apparently he gave little thought, were rather short and unkempt.

Poundmaker was an extremely handsome and dignified Indian, with the features of a Roman senator, and undoubtedly was quite conscious of it. At the Battleford begging dance he wore on his head the dried skin of a bird, a vest studded with brass nails, bangles on his arms, and moccasins, his bare legs streaked with white paint. But his everyday attire was a belted white Hudson's Bay blanket, cloth leggings and moccasins. Nothing gaudy about Chief Poundmaker on his occasional visits to Battleford from the reservation thirty miles away; his natural dignity, however, needed no artificial embellishments to enhance it.

Imasees, Big Bear's second son, the instigator of the Frog Lake Massacre, on the other hand, liked to "dress up." Having a high opinion of himself, and being naturally a truculent young ruffian, he usually was painted and wore some finery. He paid particular attention to his hair, which was worn in braided plaits bound with beaded and metal bands. He was beribboned and bedecked from head to foot on ceremonial occasions and was never without some modicum of ornamental attire.

Imasees as a young brave was one of the finest specimens of physical manhood I have ever seen. He was not tall—five feet eight or nine perhaps—but he possessed a figure that was the perfect embodiment of grace and strength—a form that, stripped, was a delight to look upon. Despite his treacherous and bloodthirsty character, I could not help entertaining for him a measure of secret admiration. His father, Big Bear, when young must have possessed a somewhat similar figure, though it never, I am certain, housed such an evil and sinister spirit as did that of his formidable son.

In a group photograph of Indians, Mounted Police and Hudson's Bay officials taken in 1884 at Fort Pitt on the North Saskatchewan, and published in the December 1942 *Beaver*, the Indians including Big Bear, his son King Bird, and Four Sky Thunder, a councillor, are shown wearing fancy blankets and stiff felt hats, decorated with bands of ribbon and bunched feather uprights. This, however, was a posed picture and these trappings were Hudson's Bay Company property loaned for the occasion. These bunched feathers were coloured, chiefly red and blue, and imported by the Company for the Indian trade. They were from stock no longer fashionable in civilization but were looked upon by the red men as highly desirable embellishments and their fortunate possessors were regarded by their fellow-tribesmen with envy and respect as wealthy and exalted individuals.

The large elaborate feathered head-dresses which have become so familiar to the general public in recent years were not common among the Plains Crees in an earlier era. They are really more show pieces than anything else and made chiefly for sale to wealthy white visitors to the West who are willing to pay the comparatively high prices demanded. In short they have become an article of commerce and source of revenue to the astute red man, and therefore no longer

Poundmaker at the begging dance.

have the significance that once attached to them, marking the wearer as a personage of distinction, such as a chief or warrior. They originated among the Sioux

Blackfoot Chief, by Bodmer.

and other warlike tribes south of the 49th parallel, and in time came into use in the Canadian West as a result of raids or visits by Canadian Indians in the territories of their American neighbours.

When the Assiniboines—or Stoneys, as they are commonly called—an offshoot of the Sioux, came into Battleford on a begging dance, they gave the inhabitants of that rambling collection of shacks on the banks of the Battle River a true primeval thrill. Gorgeous in paint and feathers, carrying their war drum, coup sticks and rifles, they formed up abreast at the upper end of Battleford's one street and advanced, chanting their war song, crowing and dancing, to the accompaniment of the booming drum the whole length of the town, halting by the way at the three different trading posts—Frank Smart's, Mahoney and Macdonald's and the Hudson's Bay Company's—to dance, orate and "count coups" in the striking and resounding Assiniboine-Sioux speech. Payment having been made by the trader in flour, bacon, tea, sugar and tobacco for the honour being ostensibly accorded him, they moved on to the next "port of call" to repeat their performance. At intervals they pointed their thrilling act by volleys from their guns. Altogether, a visit from the Stoneys counted as a field day in the rather humdrum life of the old Northwest capital.

The Stoneys were a picturesque lot and more given, perhaps, than were the Crees to sartorial adornment,

Assiniboine warriors of the 1830's, drawn by Charles Bodmer for Prince Maximilian's "Travels." These four pictures were photographed from the original engravings in the Archives of British Columbia.

though their garb was also drab and scanty enough as a general thing. They all wore the blanket, which was the almost universal everyday wrap of both the Plains and the Woods Indians. In fact as a rule they wore little else except breechclout and moccasins, though in cold weather they usually added cloth leggings, mittens and a sash or belt.

In talking years ago with Charlie Russell, the famous cowboy artist of Montana, since dead, he told me how Tom Mix had wanted him to go up to the buffalo park at Wainwright, Alberta, with a party of Indians, to direct them in a picture. The park had become overpopulated; it contained more animals than it would supply food for, and the Dominion government had decided to reduce the herd by killing off a considerable number and selling the meat and robes. Mix had obtained permission to do the slaughtering and planned to make a spectacle of it by having the Indians "run" the buffalo in a revival of the old-time buffalo hunt. Russell declined on some pretext or other.

"I didn't want any part of it," he told me afterwards. "I knew Mix's idea would be to make a holy show of it—something 'colossal'; have his Indians all paint and feathers from moccasin sole to scalplock in the approved motion picture style. Indians fought or ran buffalo naked—unless you reckon moccasins and a breechclout a full suit of clothes. I didn't want the public to get the idea that I knew so little about Indians as to be responsible for staging such a phoney exhibition."

In my experience, the article most prized in the 80's by a Plains Cree was an otter skin, a whole unslit pelt in the form of a cuff topping the plaits of his coal-black hair. In skinning, a pelt was turned, or "cased" much as one turns a sock, the full length of the carcass from tail to nose, which left the detached skin flesh side out. After fleshing and dressing, the pelt was again turned, when it was in the same form as when worn by the animal—that is, with the rich glossy fur exposed. Lynx skins, prepared in similar fashion, were popular; and being much more plentiful and far less valuable than otter, were in more general use.

The common dress of Indian women was a sleeveless cotton blouse or shirt, a short skirt of the same material, leggings, moccasins and a blanket or tartan shawl. However, I remember seeing one at a ball at the Mounted Police barracks at Battleford robed in white muslin and a young woman at another dance in the same town wearing a pink calico dress. And in both instances the glass outside callously recorded a temperature of 40 below! The Indian woman carefully brushed, oiled and plaited her hair, and in the middle where the part came there was usually a streak of gay vermilion, with which cheerful aid to beauty she frequently brightened her often smooth and quite attractive features.

Now, as a final word, let me give some idea of the usual dress of that remarkable Indian and war chief—or head soldier—Kahpaypamahchakwayo, or Wandering Spirit.

First, his cap, which was the lynx-skin cuff before described, from which dangled five jet-tipped eagle-tail plumes. (For each of these, as he was fond of proclaiming, he meant to have a white man's scalp.) He wore a green and white blanket coat, belted at the middle, cloth leggings, breechclout and moccasins. His black hair was wavy, almost curly—an odd thing in an Indian—and wreathed his cruel face, with its thin lips and piercing sultry eyes, like a sombre halo. Excited or provoked, his sultry eyes took on a darker and even deadlier shade; one almost expected to see them throw off fire as sparks fly from a smitten stone. He symbolized the tiger in human form.

Wandering Spirit in his usual costume.

But now look again at Wandering Spirit. It is the morning that word reaches us in the Indian camp in the Little Red Deer valley that the ground about burned and abandoned Fort Pitt, twenty miles to the west, is white with the tents of the *chemoginusuk*—the troops of the Alberta Field Force under General Strange. Stripped to the skin, wearing breechclout and moccasins only, Winchester in hand and bands of cartridges encircling his body, astride his tall gray mare, his eyes flashing and black hair tossing in the wind, he makes the round of the two hundred lodges, the long ringing Cree war cry bursting from his lips, calling on his followers to prepare for battle. He has cast aside any tawdry ornament or garment which will impede or cramp his movements, so that he may slip presently like a snake through the grass or brush, his hot heart burning with the lust to kill. He has taken thirteen Blackfoot scalps. He is the living, breathing illustration of a vanished type—the Indian warrior on the warpath.

Tug of war for the men and . . .

ACTION! CAMERA!

Two spirited studies of Eskimos at play

by D. B. Marsh

. . . the boot game for the women. Here each competitor throws one of her shoes into the common heap and, at a signal, tries to find it again and be the first to put it on. The determined lady facing the camera was, as might be expected, the winner.

THE BELLIGERENT MOOSE

by Cariboo King

WHICH is the most dangerous animal in the north woods of British Columbia? Nine people out of ten will reply that the timber wolf is the most ferocious and dangerous animal in the British Columbia forests. But the case is not so. In the history of the British Columbia Game Department, as far back as the records go, there is not one authentic case on record of wolves attacking trapper, prospector, hunter or wilderness traveller in the British Columbia forests. Stories about wolves of the North attacking human beings, tales about hairbreadth escapes from marauding man-killers, all are purest fiction.

Some people think that the grizzly bear is the animal to be feared and respected above all. And they are right in one way and wrong in another. The grizzly is not to be despised and is a killer when aroused. But many tall tales have been written concerning him. It is true that on occasions the grizzly has attacked without any provocation whatsoever, but on other occasions he has run like a scared deer. The most dangerous animal as far as encounters, records and plain facts go is the bull moose of the north woods at rutting time. Even a grizzly will hesitate to challenge his majesty the bull moose.

Sandy Solmonson, resident of Prince George, British Columbia, has had a number of encounters with bull moose, and he does not despise him one bit as a worthy opponent and trophy. More than once he has been up a tree, spruce or balsam, the outcome of meeting with a bull moose. On one occasion, while skidding logs on the homestead, he unexpectedly came upon a moose lying contentedly in his pathway. He threw sticks at him, put a couple of twenty-two bullet holes through both ears in order to get the moose out of the road. But the bull was adamant and would not budge. Finally, Sandy, with sticks, stones and rifle, managed to oust the lordly monarch. The big bull began to run with Sandy in full pursuit, throwing sticks and stones as the pair ran down the skid road. At the other end of the road there was a snowbank. When the bull arrived at the snowbank, he turned—and Sandy was going the other way with the big bull in pursuit. Back along the road they ran, Sandy going all out and the moose gaining with every yard traversed. A big log lay in Sandy's pathway and he fell over it, landing on all fours; but he kept going on hands and knees. The bull came to the log and stopped, apparently amazed to see a human being going on all fours. Sandy glanced back over his shoulder, and there was the big bull intently looking down at him. This, coupled with the fact that it was not rutting time, saved Sandy's life. And he made himself scarce in short order.

Sandy Solmonson (right) and friends.

On one of our hunting trips together we downed a bull moose, but not before an exciting climax. The outcome, in the final stages, was, Sandy up a tree with one bullet left in his gun, and Gordon, Sandy's brother, and myself well in the background with many a spruce handy, and an old deserted cabin near by thrown in for good measure!

Pete Johnston is a man of steady nerve. He is advancing in years now. At the present writing he is living at Fort St. James. Many is the time that he has brought down the monarch of the British Columbia forests. On one occasion he was hunting over a tangled piece of country, where windfalls were strewn in all directions, making the hunter often pause to consider his steps. Suddenly he spied what he thought to be moose antlers. Looking intently and long, he made out the form of a bull moose, as it moved slightly. Raising his rifle to his shoulder, he fired. Just at that moment the branches of the windfall upon which he was standing gave way and down went the hunter. It was rutting time, and, coupled with this fact, the bull moose was hit by Pete Johnston's shot. With a snort of fury he charged the hunter, descending upon him with uncanny speed. Pete Johnston struggled to his feet, raised his rifle a second time and sent a bullet crashing through the forehead of that giant bull moose, bringing him down almost on top of himself.

Rutting time, or time of mating, comes in the fall of the year. At this season the bull moose is ready to do battle with his own shadow; and fierce and long are the fights that take place between rivals. If not disturbed, both opponents will fight until either one is done in or killed, and awesome indeed is the sight of two bull moose battling in full fury. Small saplings are bent to the ground like grass before the gale, the forest floor is churned up by the stamping hoofs, the woods ring with the noise of combat, and small forest-folk hide in fear as the monarchs of the forest battle with one thought in view—the death of the other. Rutting time—yes, rutting time is the time when bull moose are ready to do battle with each other and any person or animal that may be in the way. Thus hunters call the bull moose to the kill with birch-bark horn or cupped hands. But often it is the hunter who does the retreating in full speed, and not the moose!

One hunter, unfamiliar with the ways of moose, decided that he would call a bull moose to the kill, and, stationing himself near a lake shore, began to bellow forth a challenge. It was not like the call of the bull moose by any means, but the call was sufficient. There was a crashing of branches behind the hunter

In the fall the bull moose is ready to do battle with all comers. This is part of the magnificent group in the American Museum of Natural History, New York.

and a big bull descended upon him. The hunter very quickly made himself scarce by climbing a tree, with the moose right at his heels.

Another hunter called a bull moose to the kill and had to climb a spruce tree in order to escape with his life. He dropped his gun on the lake shore and ran as the bull moose charged down upon him. Just in the nick of time he managed to swing up into a spruce tree, but to his consternation he watched the bull moose lie down at the bottom of the tree and prepare to enjoy a time of rest and vigil. The hunter began to think about an all-night roost in the tree tops. However, a sudden inspiration came his way. As the trees were fairly thick, he swung over to the next spruce and the next, and so on, and in this manner he escaped by descending a distant tree and pussy-footing away through the forest. Needless to say, that hunter respects bull moose at rutting time.

On another occasion a lady, driving between Prince George and Smithers, B.C., along the Vanderhoof Road, came upon a bull moose on the highway. The time was early morning and she was driving an Austin car. The moose on the road merely shook his head and waited for the charge, ready to do battle. The lady discreetly backed her little car down the road and waited until the moose disappeared in the forest.

Two fishermen were fishing in Six Mile Lake, and one decided to fish from the shore for a change; so, pulling his canoe on to the beach, he commenced casting from the shore, with his back to the forest. Hearing a crashing in the forest, he turned about and saw a bull moose bearing down upon him. It was rutting time, and the bull was in a bad mood, no doubt having been jilted in love for a more lordly monarch. But the fisherman did not stop to ascertain the reason of the charge. He ran for his canoe, jumped in and paddled away from shore. The bull moose did not stop, but dashed out into the lake and with both forefeet churned the water into foam in an attempt to reach his quarry. But a canoe is too swift in water for a bull moose and, on seeing the other fisherman approaching in his canoe, the bull gave up after a hearty chase.

One hunter has stated that "hunting moose is just like knocking over a cow; there is nothing to it." Of course, if taken from ambush, there is nothing to it. However, there are always one or more trees to hand when the men of the North are hunting moose.

LIFE AT EASTMAIN

by Howard Hamilton

Post manager's house at Eastmain. F. F. Tisdall

CHEEMAN! CHEEMAN! CHEEMAN! From the high-pitched wail of an excited voice the whole village became a bedlam of running, shouting natives. For weeks, for days, and then for hours we had eagerly awaited that sound, for it augured the arrival of the yearly supply ship to our lonely and isolated post in the north—that land of silence, mystery, and distance. What an intensely dramatic moment that was, especially for one who was witnessing the annual event for the first time. Looking down the river towards the Bay, there rode the big schooner, sails bellying in the evening breeze, almost silhouetted in the fiery glow of the setting sun. With an outward calm which belied the excitement within us, we paddled out to the ship, taking with us the "pilot," a full-blood Swampy Cree Indian, who became master of all he surveyed while he safely brought the ship to berth up the winding and tortuous river channel. Then after three short, but exceedingly full days of work, feasting, dancing, letter-writing, visiting with the "skipper," and the too numerous other details, the visit was merely a memory. Once again the native population returned to their daily tasks, while we white men—Bill Anderson, the Hudson's Bay Company post manager, and myself, the student-missionary and school teacher at Eastmain—relived every moment, every incident of that thrilling time.

Eastmain, one of the oldest of the Hudson's Bay Company posts, sprawls on the bank of the largest river emptying into the east coast of James Bay, the Eastmain River, about one and a half miles from its outlet. The almost comfortable living quarters of the post manager, the miscellaneously stocked store, the odorous warehouse, and three "Indian houses," comprise the Company buildings; while at the southern extremity of the village the Church of England is firmly entrenched with its church and mission house. In between these two settlements within a settlement, some two hundred natives scatter their teepees in the summer, where just a few months before lay only a carpet of virgin white.

With the passing of the long winter nights, and the welcome return of the warm spring sun, the natives begin to arrive at the post. The trickling stream soon grows into a ceaseless flow of canoes. Each canoe swells the crowd that gathers on the bank to greet the later newcomers. Old acquaintances are renewed; the gossip is told and retold; teepees appear magically; semi-naked children gambol about their parents; dogs whine to be let free from their tethering stakes; and the picture is one of restive movement. The Company store is open for trading, the church is opened for services at all times, the school begins for any and everyone who cares to come. What a different picture from the winter activities!

During the long summer days the natives have little to occupy their time but fishing, gossiping, playing French checkers, and trying to talk the manager of the post out of as much grub as possible.

The Company began trading with the natives of Eastmain district in the 17th Century. For a time it was known as Slude Fort. These natives of Cape Hope Island trade there to-day.

Comes the fall! Once again all thoughts are turned to preparation for leaving for the winter hunting grounds. Canoes must be repaired; the women must see that what few clothes they have are in as good shape as possible; "debt" must be taken out from the post; and so end the days of idle ease that the men have been enjoying for a month or two.

"Debt!" That word alone conjures up in the mind of the white an undesirable feature of living. But to the native it means some of the very necessities of life, without which no hunter could take the trail. By the barter system, introduced long years ago when the Company was first begun, the natives trade their furs to pay for tea, tobacco, flour, shot, moose-hide (for in this particular area the moose is not found), and any other goods he requires. The furs are brought to the store, but they are not displayed until a long palaver has informed the post manager what a wonderful catch he is about to see. Wonderful, not only in quantity, but also in quality.

After fully impressing the manager, with great dignity and much solemnity, the best fur in the pack is placed upon the counter. The furs are all disposed of, and then the buying begins. Unfortunately, the money credited for these furs goes to pay last year's "debt." And so, great pains are taken to prove the prowess of the hunter, for upon that rests the amount of debt he can have for the coming season. Money is something that is rarely, if ever seen in the North, and most certainly to tell a native that he can have one hundred dollars worth of goods would convey absolutely nothing to him. So, out tumble the little felt gun-wads, one to represent each dollar the native may have. And as the goods are purchased, the gun-wads are put back in their box as the money is consumed. Finally all are gone.

Then, and then only, begins the battle of wits between the keen mind of the fur-trader and the crafty mind of the hunter. For, realizing that all his money is gone, the native finds that he has not enough of the essentials to last him, and he tries his level best to wheedle the trader into giving him more debt. How can he go into the bush without enough tea, tobacco, flour, shot, etc.? How can the trader imagine that he can trap unless he is fully equipped? So the manager must get him to trade back some of the luxuries that have appealed to his eye in order that he may have those things that are necessary. In all it takes just about three hours for an Indian to obtain his supplies. The persistency of a native would do credit to an American army mule, for he never knows when to stop trying to coax, badger, or threaten more "debt," and his parting words as he pushes off from the shore seem to be in that strain, for his version of the old adage is: "While I'm here, there's hope."

Until one learns to think and act as a native, many of their habits appear pathetic, or acutely funny, as the case may be. I well remember our Indian cook, Hannah Cheechoo. Hannah's greatest source of annoyance was our utter inability to consume the immense amount of food she would put on the table, because when anything was left she thought we did not like her cooking. There are some things that are a little hard to eat regardless of who cooks them, and among these may be listed eggs that were newly laid some four years before, and kept in water-glass to "preserve" them. But to give her her just due, she could make delicious muffins, using fresh sea-gull eggs instead of the slightly antiquated hen's eggs that we had in the cellar. Hannah loved to do three things; namely, sing, gather wood, and wash clothes. This last love of hers often caused us some embarrassment because, when she could find nothing else to wash, she would creep into our bedrooms and take our trousers, putting them through a wonderfully efficient rubbing. Can't you picture two slightly dishevelled men rushing downstairs, with shirt-tails flying in the wind, trying to rescue their trousers before they had shrunk to a state of uselessness!

As I have suggested, all is not easy going for these people. Living in a land where life depends upon their own skill as hunters and providers, tragedy often appears. One of the most attractive little children at the post was the interpreter's three-year-old daughter, whose command of the English language was limited to the phrase, "Good morning." I became very fond of this youngster as the summer wore on, and looked forward anxiously to seeing her again in the spring. But fate had decided otherwise. She had been out playing, wearing a rabbit-skin parka which her mother had made for her. The dogs, smelling the skin, jumped on her, and before help could arrive, they had ripped her to shreds.

And it is not only children who fall the victims of tragedy. Early in the spring, just before the ice had broken up in the river and on the lakes, one of the hunters broke through and was drowned while out trapping 'rats. The rest of his family, except the eldest daughter, died out in the bush from starvation and cold. We found the girl wandering about in the bush, trying to reach the post to summon aid. And from her we gathered the pathetic details of that family's woes.

This article would not be complete without a word or two about old Wetaltuk, who is acknowledged as one of Canada's best Eskimo curio makers. Some of his work is in the British Museum—or was before the war broke out. Wetaltuk and his family, constituting a colony of some fifty people by the time his sons' families are counted, live some thirty-five miles north of Eastmain at Cape Hope, on Cape Hope Island. Having lost his third wife when he had reached the ripe old age of over seventy, dauntlessly he set out to woo his fourth. Making a trip to Fort George, where the next nearest Eskimo colony was situated, he not only came and saw, but he conquered a comely widow by the name of Peermary. And in her he met his match, for she ruled him with a thumb of iron.

Like all Eskimos, he is a born mechanic, and a wizard at using his hands. Nothing is too difficult to make or to mend—from a gun to a watch; from canoes to ninety foot schooners; from curios to making reeds for an old broken organ, repairing it, tuning it, and then

One of Hannah Cheechoo's loves. **H. H.**

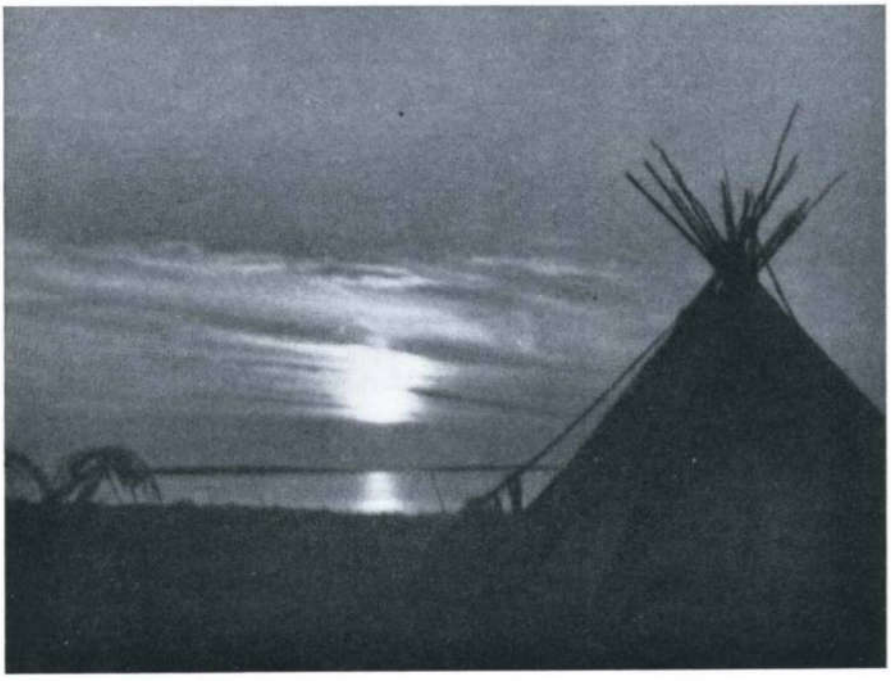
Members of Wetaltuk's family pose beside one of his schooners on Cape Hope Island.

teaching himself to play it by ear. What a jovial old man he is! His bandy legs will not let him draw himself above five feet five inches in height. With a face creased in smiles, which shows a very poor set of yellow teeth, he will greet you with a grunted *Chimo*, the Eskimo word of welcome. As you step ashore at Cape Hope, he will proudly take you to his log house, and leading you through a perfect maze of filth, bring you to the "dining-room"—which is also the kitchen, living-room, bedroom, workshop, and general living quarters for all. While Peermary labours greasily over a roaring stove making bannock and tea, Wetaltuk will introduce a game of cribbage, at which he is a past master. It is only very reluctantly that one leaves his camp the next morning to go on up the coast, or to return to the post at Eastmain, for Wetaltuk is a perfect host.

To the uninitiated, the North presents little else than a picture of loneliness, desolation, and privation. But to those who have learned to love her caresses, to heed her chastisement, to know her every whim, there is peace and contentment, that kind which can be found only in communion with solitude and primitive nature. At first contact, the vastness is apt to be frightening and awe-inspiring; but if you prove yourself, these solitary stretches become your friend upon whom you depend, for their stability can never be questioned.

Indian wigwam against the sunset—a silhouette that must have been seen by generations of fur traders at Eastmain.

H. Hamilton



MINUTES OF THE HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY, 1671-74

Edited by E. E. Rich, M.A.

Introduction by Sir John Clapham C.B.E., Litt.D., F.B.A.

A review of the fifth volume of the Hudson's Bay Record Society by Grace Lee Nute

THOUGH some might say that the Hudson's Bay Company got a late start in publishing its own records, no one can accuse it of lacking tenacity of purpose once the decision to print was made. Five volumes have been issued in six years, though the war must have disrupted most of the Company's plans during the entire period. Original records had to be moved to safe localities, buildings were bombed, men and women employees left for military and other pressing duties, reference libraries where necessary research had to be done were closed or curtailed in their activities—still the work of preparing a volume of records every year went patiently, dauntlessly on. Two persons in particular are to be congratulated: the editor, Major E. E. Rich, and Miss Alice Johnson, of the Archives staff, who copied the documents and otherwise helped prepare copy for the editor and the publishers. This fifth volume is a very satisfactory one from the point of view of the student and the scholar, however handicapped the editor and his assistants have been in issuing it.

Everyone connected with the Company and all that great host of readers to whom its name connotes adventure in northern regions and the oldest corporate body of their acquaintance will rejoice to have here, within the covers of a moderately sized book, the very first records of the Company that have survived. Almost two hundred and seventy-five years ago these entries were made in the Company's books. Centuries began and closed, but the Company kept its great books intact, and, for the most part, beyond the reach of all but a privileged few. Those of us who had access to them at one time or another felt that we were indeed favoured. Now anyone who secures a copy of this volume is in as strategic a position as the favoured few of years gone by. No more crossing of oceans to get authentic data on the Company's origin, personnel, servants and their wages, names and types of vessels used in the Bay trade, dates of sailing and length of voyages, kinds and quantities of trade goods, and other phases of the Company's earliest activities; no more tedious hours poring over great books beneath the steady tramp of Londoners' feet on the glass of the subterranean archives room; and no more eye strain trying to decipher the quaint handwriting and quainter spelling of a bygone age.

Here in this book we have all that was vouchsafed the fortunate ones of the past—and in addition an introduction which explains in laymen's terms the economic position and significance of the Company in its first years; footnotes that are the result of years of the most exacting research; the full text of the Company's charter; the relevant data from the first ledger kept by the Company; biographical sketches of most of the individuals related in any important way to the Company's origin and early activities; and an index, humblest but not least useful of a printed book's services to mankind.

The minutes and ledger entries permit us to glimpse briefly and with a most business-like decorum many of the arresting and piquant figures of the early 1670's: Prince Rupert of Civil War, scientific and artistic fame; the Earl of Shaftesbury, dogged champion of parliament and the Church; that Duke of York who became the second governor of the Company and then King, only to lose his throne and precipitate the Glorious Revolution; the Duke of Albemarle, who had been responsible for the return of Charles II to his throne, and who was now being crowned with honours and offices; Sir George Carteret, who did not know what S.P.Q.R. meant, but who was nonetheless the "father of the Company," according to Sir John Clapham, and, according to Clarendon, "the most dexterous man in business ever known." Pierre Esprit Radisson and the Sieur des Groseilliers, who had stirred the imagination of these British men of affairs and money to "adventure into Hudson's Bay"; Charles Bayly, the fanatic Quaker who tried to convert the Pope and whose choice as first governor in the Bay is still unexplained; and many, many other men—and one woman, Lady Margaret Drax.

The main part of the volume is made up of the minutes of seventy-four meetings of the General Court, the Committee, and the Sub-Committee, starting on October 24, 1671, and ending on July 22, 1674. There seems to have been no special place of meeting. The Company of Adventurers might assemble at the house of Sir Robert Vyner, banker and goldsmith; at the Tower of London, at Prince Rupert's lodgings in Whitehall Palace, or at the Earl of Shaftesbury's. From February to May, 1674, they met mostly at the Excise Office, probably in Alderman Foorth's rooms. Those who have been under the impression that Rupert was, as governor, one of the most active of the adventurers will be surprised to learn that, out of the seventy-four meetings here recorded, he attended only six. Which makes one recall what Pepys says about his distaste for business.

The minutes of most meetings are generally considered the dullest of reading. But these early minutes of the Hudson's Bay Company are pervaded by that same picturesque atmosphere of Restoration London and the Stuart Court as permeates the diary of Pepys. Once the reader comprehends the setting and the actors, the apparently cryptic and disjointed entries become absorbingly, almost tensely, interesting.

The first entry of all smacks of the fur trade: "Ordred That upon the first Tuesday in december

next about three thousand poundes weight of the beaver bee putt to Sale by the candle." And there are many others which will bear quoting:

"That concerning the place of trade in the Countrey for the Shippes to proceede unto Moussebae [later called Moose Factory] is the place resolved upon for that purpose, & a forte there to bee built, the *Wivenhoe* is agreed to bee Sent thither with Some brickes & nayles to Serve for erecteing the forte."

"That Mr. Millington bee desired to take care for provideing one thousand biscay hatchets one halfe of three poundes & one halfe of two poundes a piece, to bee Sure that they bee such as are for trade with the indians & not Such as are for the inhabitants of Canada:"

"That Sr. Robert Viner & Mr. Portman bee desired forthwith to draw the proceed of the beaver Sould at genoa out of the factors handes there for the Companyes use:"

"Ordred That enquiry bee made of the condition of the Cargo & where it lyes upon wh. it is reported that the old cargo is in the Storehouse all ready packt up, & the new cargo packt & Lyes ready in these followeing places, vizt.

500 hatchets at Mr. Teares at Tower hill
500 more at Mr. Wilshire's at Ratcliff crosse
101 kettles at Mr. Hatons in the minoryes
50 more at Mr. Phillip's his at Snowhill
300 pouder hornes at Luke's in the minoryes
6 barrells pouder, 45 C. Shott } at Mr. Goslin's
Seamens clothes at Mrs. Williamsons
170 fowleing pieces in the Storehouse."

"Shipt by Sr. John Robinson one Thomas Wilkinson Gunnsmith who reportes that hee eann stocke & locke Gunns & make all manner of edge tooles & other household worke and doeth promise to doe the same & serve the Company at forty shillings p. month."

"It is ordered that ye *Rupert* arriveing at Portsmouth that Capt. Gillam does not stirr from thence wth. the Shipp without Convoye or further order from the Comittee but that Mr. Raddison take ye first opportunity of comeing up to London and that Capt. Gillam supply him with foure or five pounds for his charges." (Britain was then at war with Holland).

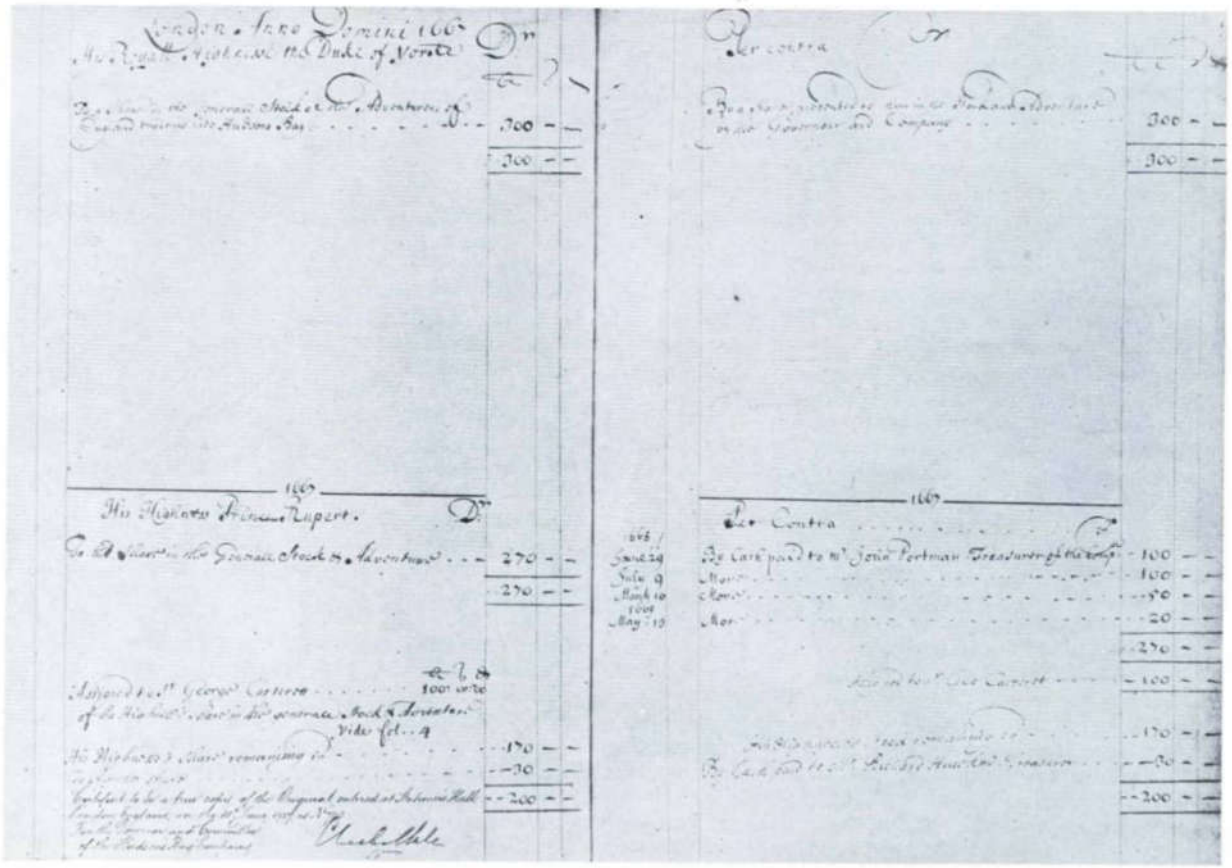
"Mr. Kirke & Mr. Hawkins reporte accordeing to an order of this Comittee of the 27th of november Last that they haveing taken the weight of the beaver brought home in the *Prince Rupert*, the Same produced of coate beaver lb. 5408: & of Skins lb. 1529: in the whole lb. 6937: which is lb. 367 more then the weight in the countrey which is accordeingly aproved:"

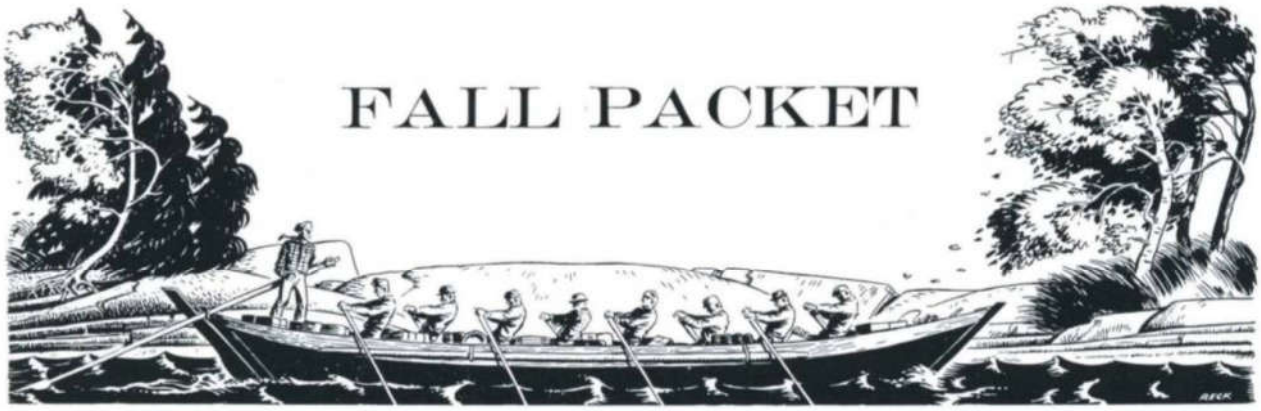
"That Mr. Thompson who Surveys & examines the gunns for the Eastindia Company bee desired to attende the Comittee next thursday."

"4 grosse of tinn Lookeing glasses & Mr. Radison to goe with the husbande to choose beades & flintes, & gett patternes of combes."

The list of tradesmen's accounts given in the minutes for February 16, 1673, is also very revealing; while the provisions allowed each man in 1674 gives an enlightening glimpse into the "rations" provided for the sailors of those days.

The first pages of the first ledger. Though dated 1667, it was not written up until 1671, the earliest books and papers having been "carryed away by one of their Servants." The accounts are those of the Duke of York, second governor of the Company, later King James II; and Prince Rupert, first governor.





FALL PACKET

Victor Cazalet

Hundreds of listeners on both sides of the Atlantic, when they heard on the radio last July of the sudden death of General Sikorski, must have waited anxiously to hear if his aide, Colonel Cazalet, was with him in the plane. And, as the world knows, they learned to their sorrow that he was. So a life filled to the brim with useful activity and achievement was cut short in its prime.

Victor Cazalet was a representative of the highest type of Englishman. Education in the best British traditions at Eton and Oxford served to embellish his naturally brilliant talents, which he thenceforth used to the fullest advantage in a life of strenuous public service. During the last war, he joined the army at the age of nineteen, and for two years served in the trenches with the 1st Life Guards. He was present at the supreme war conference at Versailles, and served on the British staff in Siberia after the armistice. He emerged from the war as a captain with the Military Cross.

After his return to England, he became private secretary to Sir Philip Cunliffe Lister from 1922 to 1923, and the next year was elected M.P. for Chippenham. From 1924 to 1926 he was parliamentary secretary to the president of the board of trade.

In 1931 he was elected to the London Board of the Hudson's Bay Company, and thereafter visited Canada several times. In the early stages of this war, he was in command of an anti-aircraft battery in the south of England, and later he became liaison officer to the commander-in-chief of the Polish forces, with whom he travelled extensively. His last visit to the west was in 1941. The staff of Hudson's Bay House in Winnipeg will long remember the delightful, impromptu talk he gave at that time on some aspects of England at war.

In private life, Colonel Cazalet was widely known as British amateur squash champion for four years, as well as a collector of modern French paintings displayed in his lovely home in Kent. A friend, writing in the London *Times* after his tragic death, remarked: "He was keenly observant and had a delightful gift of narrative, and his conversation was as full of gay laughter as it was wholly free of malice. He was utterly natural, very talented, and the soul of hospitality, radiating a cheerfulness which was both infectious and unshakable."

Throughout his life, Victor Cazalet was most certainly one who, in the words of Kipling, filled the unforgiving minute with sixty seconds' worth of distance run.

Cover Picture

On September 29, 1668—just 275 years ago—the little ketch *Nonsuch* cast anchor in the mouth of the Nemiskau River, where it empties into James Bay. On board were Captain Zachariah Gillam and Medard Chouart des Groseilliers—the former a New Englander and the latter a Frenchman—and a crew of British sailors. Under the direction of the veteran French woodsman and trader, a stockaded fort was built, and bartering was begun with the Indians. In such manner did the Hudson's Bay Company embark upon its career of commerce.

In honour of their sovereign and their governor, the adventurers named the trading post Charles Fort, and the river on whose shore it was built, Rupert's River. The name of the river has endured to this day, but the post that now stands on the site of Charles Fort is known as Rupert's House.

All winter the men from the *Nonsuch* stayed there, trading with the Indians who came from far and near to marvel at these strange people with their wooden lodges, their great white-sailed canoe, and their array of wondrous objects from the land across the sea. To quote a contemporary account: "They were environed with ice about 6 mönethes first haleing theire ketch on shore, and building them a house. They carryed provisions on shore and brewd Ale and beere and provided against the cold which was their work; they report the natives to bee civill and say the Beaver is very plenty. Those that carryed out no venture brought home 10 li or 12 li worth of beaver."

In June the *Nonsuch* sailed for England, arriving at Deal on October 9 (our October 19), 1669, with returns in furs sufficiently large to persuade the King that Cousin Rupert's company should be given a charter.

Charles Fort was doubtless a crude affair at best. But from that tiny post in the midst of a vast wilderness, the operations of Prince Rupert's Company have expanded until they cover half a continent. Two and three quarter centuries of trading is a record in which any concern may justly take pride. But considering the wars, depressions, and violent competition in the face of which that trading has been carried on, it is all the more remarkable that it should have survived to become so great a power in the land.

We of the Company to-day gladly pay tribute to the stubborn courage and loyalty and faith of those men who have brought it through troublous centuries to the place in the world of commerce that it now enjoys. For, in the words of the present governor, "Never was the underlying position of the Company stronger than it is to-day."

New Show

The Company's museum in the Winnipeg store was subjected to its periodic overhaul in June. Notable among the new exhibits are some fine B.C. Indian artifacts borrowed from the Provincial Museum in Victoria; what is possibly the original map made by William Hendry during his journey of exploration from Richmond Gulf to Ungava Bay in 1828; and a beautiful eider-duck parki, formerly worn by Peter Sala, one of the Belcher Island murderers of 1941. The map was the gift of R. J. Lillico of Toronto. It was given to him by a prospector who found it in an abandoned shack on the east coast of Hudson Bay. The parki was presented by Ernest Riddell, H B C post manager on the Belchers at the time of the murders, who is now in the R.C.A.F.

Other recent gifts to the Historical Exhibit include a number of old journals and letters from mid-western posts. George Pateman and F. J. Collyer have donated several journals covering various periods between May 1858 and December 1876, a book of steamer manifests, and a ledger, all from Fort Ellice. Hon. C. P. B. Dundas has sent in certain journals from Fort Pelly, the earliest being August 1853 and the latest June 1878, an account book for Outfit 1882, and a letter book for 1883-4. S. Simpson and J. Fisher have presented the museum with various English River District journals and books, including the district accounts for 1826-7, the Ile à la Crosse journals for 1827-8 and 1836-7, and journals of Rapid River and Moose Lake in the 1860's and 1870's.

Despite the scarcity of tourists, the attendance at the museum is holding its own. The most recent distinguished visitor was Rt. Hon. Malcolm MacDonald, British High Commissioner to Canada, a keen student of fur trade history, in whose constituency Sir George Simpson was born. Some time before his visit, the museum was examined by no less an authority than Dr. L. V. Coleman, the director of the American Association of Museums. Afterwards he had some very pleasant things to say about it, verbally, as well as in his recent book, *Company Museums*.

En for machen, ples.

The Company's Land Department has been selling real estate in the West for seventy years. Among its clients are farmers of almost every nationality; so the Land Department men in Hudson's Bay House get pretty adept at "translating" letters from those less familiar with the King's English. Here's one, however, that just about stumped everyone, especially when written in the original Sanskrit. It was dated from a little place in Saskatchewan.

"Dear Sir:

"I lik tou get en for machen a bout des lant ef you lik tou sal eht and woht terms I lik tou mak mih salf a hom ples giv me a gut dell on eht I gev you a fefte dolers don onet.

"I got der dras from Mr. F. E. A——, La Porter. Ples anser me bih raturn mall."

Perhaps we should point out that the word "dras" means "address." The rest should be easy.

Biography of an Emperor

Arthur S. Morton, emeritus professor of history at the University of Saskatchewan, is known as one of the leading historians of the fur trade, and the author of that monumental standard work, *A History of the Canadian West to 1870-71*. Those interested in the great fur-trade figures of the nineteenth century will be delighted to know that he has written a biography of Sir George Simpson, which will be published this fall by J. M. Dent & Sons.

The only other full biography of Simpson in print is the one by Bryce in the *Makers of Canada* series; but since its appearance a tremendous amount of new Simpson material has been made available to historians. Professor Morton has spent many months of research in the Company archives in London, and his book will embody all the latest information on the great little man who had so much to do with shaping the destinies of the North and West.

Charles V. Sale

The twenty-ninth Governor of the Hudson's Bay Company, Charles Vincent Sale, died on June 22 in London in his seventy-sixth year. Mr. Sale was appointed Deputy Governor in 1916, and in 1925 succeeded Sir Robert Kindersley in the governorship. After six more years of distinguished service, he resigned, and was succeeded by the present Governor.

Mr. Sale's early business career was spent in Japan, but in 1908 he went back to England. During the last war, it was under his personal direction that the Company acted as overseas purchasing agent for the French Government, transporting several million tons of munitions and supplies to various parts of the world.

His term as Governor was marked by considerable re-organization and expansion. In that six-year period the now famous Beaver House and Beaver Hall were completed; while in Canada a fine new store was built in Winnipeg, and the stores at Victoria, Vancouver, Edmonton and Calgary were greatly enlarged.

Almost every year during his term of office, Governor Sale made visits to Canada. He took a deep interest in H B C history and did a great deal to revive and perpetuate the fine traditions and picturesqueness of the great days of the fur trade.

Besides his Hudson's Bay interests, he was a partner in Sale & Company, importers; founder in 1919 of the British Metal Corporation, chairman of the Amalgamated Metal Corporation, and chairman of the Japan Society from 1925 to 1936. He was decorated by various governments, being a member of the Orders of the Rising Sun and Sacred Treasure, of Japan; a Chevalier of the Legion of Honour; an Officer of the Order of the Crown, of Belgium; and a Knight of the Order of the Dannebrog, of Denmark.

Sir Edward Crowe, writing in the London *Times*, said of him: "I think he is entitled to a niche in the hall of fame of those 'merchant adventurers' who have made the glory of British trade shine beyond the seas. . . . He was a man of high ideals, with an overpowering desire to render useful service to the country."

Contributors

W. W. BRIDE is a writer of northern articles living in Cranbrook, B.C. . . . W. B. CAMERON will be remembered as the author of "Red Man's Captive" and "The Trail of '81" in the December and March *Beavers*. . . . Rev. HOWARD HAMILTON is the Anglican missionary at Fort George, on the coast of Hudson Bay. . . . W. P. JOHNSTON is post manager at historic Fort St. James, B.C. . . . "CARIBOO KING" is the pen name of a British Columbian nature writer. . . . DR. GRACE LEE NUTE, curator of manuscripts at the Minnesota Historical Society, is the author of *Caesars of the Wilderness*, a review of which appears in this issue. . . . FRANKLIN REMINGTON, retired construction engineer, was president and honorary chairman of the Foundation Company of New York, and a director of various other corporations. . . . BERTHA SOLIS-COHEN taught in the public schools of Philadelphia for almost thirty years. She is now writing a book on the expeditions she describes in her articles. . . . RAYMOND P. STEARNS is a member of the Department of History at the University of Illinois.

Pelt Production

On the cover of last September's *Beaver* we showed a picture of a fisher at the Company's fur farm near Winnipeg. Fisher are hard to breed in captivity, but great success has been had at the farm this year. Ten litters have been produced, totalling thirty-two young ones, and—what is still more remarkable—three litters of marten.

This is the first time that marten have been bred on the H B C farm, and any fur farmer will tell you that it's quite an achievement. But W. O. Douglas, the manager, is even more pleased about the fisher. Besides the ten litters produced, there have been fifteen matings this year.

So numerous has the colony become, in fact, and so well established the line of succession, that the Company is now offering ranch-bred fisher for sale. Available to ranchers interested in trying their hands at fisher breeding are 1943 pups of both sexes, two-year-old females ready to mate next spring, proven males, and proven females bred to whelp in 1944. Fisher take almost a year to gestate, so that a good crop can be looked for in the Spring. That, says Mr. Douglas, is production. Certainly it establishes the Bird's Hill farm as the leading fisher body plant in the world. . . .

Kudos

Toronto's *Saturday Night* is a Canadian illustrated weekly edited for intelligent people by a man who is almost as well known as his publication. B. K. Sandwell, F.R.S.C., an authority on economics, music, literature, politics, drama, and art, and a talented and humorous writer and lecturer, is a man whose opinions are valued highly. So we were especially delighted to discover in the issue of *Saturday Night* for May 29 last the following tribute from his pen:

"It is one of our constant regrets that excellent periodicals in Canada, which are ostensibly addressed to a somewhat limited clientele, fail to find recognition outside of that clientele even though they richly deserve it, and that others which are addressed to the general public fail so badly to justify their claim to general attention. Among the special clientele periodicals we know of none which we more warmly recommend to our friends than *The Beaver*, which purports to be a house organ of the Hudson's Bay Company but is really a magazine full of material of interest to Canadians young and old, and produced in a most attractive form. While its primary purpose is no doubt to acquaint the officers and workers of the company—we beg its pardon, the Company—with its past and current achievements and its plans for the future, these are all so closely interwoven with the past and present and future of a great part of Canada that they cannot fail to interest intelligent Canadians of any occupation, and particularly those with a keen instinct for the picturesque and adventurous. Now that the airplane has brought the Company's territories practically to the centre of the world's stage, we can none of us afford to confine our interest to the Ontario peninsula or the St. Lawrence Valley or the shores of the Bay of Fundy."

London News

The London letter this time contains various items of news. The election of William Johnston Keswick to fill the vacancy on the London Board caused by the death of Lt.-Col. J. B. P. Karslake has been confirmed by the proprietors. Mr. Keswick served some years abroad as head of the merchant house of Jardine, Matheson & Co., and recently returned to London as head of Matheson & Co.

Major E. E. Rich, general editor of the Hudson's Bay Record Society, proceeded overseas in June, but satisfactory arrangements have been made to ensure continuation of the society's publications.

William C. Job, of Job Brothers of Newfoundland, who for many years had close business associations with the Hudson's Bay Company, died on June 25.

Four members of the Canadian staff serving with the Canadian Army overseas recently visited Beaver House: Captains Stanley B. Laing, C.F.A., and George A. Heaton, C.A.P.C., both from Hudson's Bay House, Winnipeg; and Troopers J. J. Guay from the Winnipeg store and R. J. Robertson from Cumberland House, both serving with the C.A.R. A recent visitor to the archives was Sgt. W. P. Pruden, of the R.C.A.S.C., who was given an opportunity of consulting the Company's records about his ancestor, John Peter Pruden, a chief factor at Edmonton about 1796.

A memorial service for Colonel Cazalet was held at St. Margaret's, Westminster, on July 12. The Company was represented by members of the Board and many of the London staff.

GROSEILLIERS AND RADISSON

CAESARS OF THE WILDERNESS: Medard Chouart, Sieur Des Groseilliers, and Pierre Esprit Radisson, 1618-1710. By Grace Lee Nute. (American Historical Association, D. Appleton-Century Company, New York, 1943.) Pp. xvi, 386.

THE Committee of the American Historical Association on the Carnegie Revolving Fund for Publications was unusually fortunate to be able to serve in the capacity of literary midwife for the publication of this splendid volume. Students of history, especially of American, Canadian, English, and French history, will find Dr. Nute's book indispensable for any adequate treatment of the early years of the Hudson's Bay Company and for the long struggle between the English and the French for control of the Hudson Bay region. This conflict, culminating (in its political aspects at least) in 1713, almost exactly paralleled in point of time the adult lives of the brothers-in-law, Radisson and Des Groseilliers, whose careers became inextricably interwoven in the dispute. No account has been written which is comparable to Dr. Nute's book in depth of research, accurate detail, pregnant quotations from original sources, and, withal, a skilful organization and eminently readable literary style.

Dr. Nute has uncovered a considerable amount of valuable minutiae about the lives of her two principal characters. From sources ranging widely through English, French, Canadian, and American archives and libraries, she has discovered, for example, that Médard Chouart, Sieur Des Groseilliers was baptized at Charly-sur-Marne on July 31, 1618; that he went to New France, settled at Three Rivers, and, in the course of time, was twice married there, first in 1647 and again in 1663; that Des Groseilliers was scarcely a domestic type—quarrelsome at home, litigious with his neighbours, and afflicted with a powerful wanderlust. His adventurous spirit led him into liaisons with Jesuit Fathers of an exploring bent of mind, and it was such contacts as these that took him into Huronia and, in 1654 to 1656, into a singularly important—but hitherto misrepresented—sojourn among the Ottawas. Described years later by Radisson (1668-69) and often referred to as "Radisson's Auxoticiat Voyage," it was not made by Radisson at all but by Des Groseilliers. Radisson merely heard his brother-in-law's account of the "voyage" and, desiring to impress prominent Englishmen with his knowledge of the terrain, he wrote of the episode as though he himself had made the trip. All this is new, and Dr. Nute sets it forth in convincing fashion.

With the details of the origin and early life of Radisson, Dr. Nute was not completely successful, obviously because the information is no longer extant. Radisson was born about 1636, probably at Avignon, though perhaps in Paris. He arrived in New France in 1651 or 1652 and his first plunge into the wilderness occurred almost at once as the result of a curious chain of accidents which read like one of James Fenimore Cooper's "Deerslayer" tales.

It was not until 1659 that Radisson and Des Groseilliers joined forces. In that year they undertook a journey of exploration and trade to the Lake Superior region. There, at the end of Chequamegon Bay, in present-day Wisconsin, they built a small fort and spent the winter of 1659-60 in trading and visiting with neighbouring Indian tribes. Here, said Radisson, "We weare Cesars, being nobody to contradict us," thereby suggesting the title to Dr. Nute's book. It was this trip, says the author (p. 73), that formed the basis for the remainder of the life work of Radisson and Des Groseilliers.

Their vision with regard to the fur trade was not readily grasped in New France. The story of their rejection by France, and their welcome by England, resulting in the formation of the Hudson's Bay Company, is already well known in most of its details, although Dr. Nute adds some new ones.

Radisson and Des Groseilliers remained loyal to the English until 1675. In the meantime, the new Hudson's Bay Company had, in 1668, sent out an expedition to the Bay which had established a permanent trading post at Fort Charles on Rupert River and in 1670 their vessel, the *Wivenhoe*, with Radisson and others aboard, went to Port Nelson and took formal possession of that region for England. About this point Dr. Nute is very positive, although the English themselves did not appear to be aware of it in the subsequent strife with France. However, Dr. Nute bases her assertion upon the journal of Captain Thomas Gorst, which she turned up in the Guildhall Library.

England's tapping of the fur trade from Hudson Bay stung the French into action. Father Albanel, prompted by Frontenac, set out in 1673 to wean Radisson and Groseilliers away from their English patrons and back to the French, a process successfully negotiated by 1675.

From this point onward Dr. Nute's account tends to center about the activities of Radisson, and Des Groseilliers gradually fades out of the picture. The latter returned to New France in 1676, appears to have had some part in inspiring Father Hennepin's explorations, and engaged with Radisson, in 1681-83, in an unfortunate scheme to trade illegally in furs from the Hudson Bay region, a scheme whose miscarriage took them both back to France and the "Jawes of ye French Leviathan" to have justice done. As the case dragged on in the French courts, the English once more made tempting offers and Radisson, at least, accepted a new contract with the Hudson's Bay Company in 1684. But Des Groseilliers returned to New France, where he died sometime around 1690.

Until 1687 Radisson served the Hudson's Bay Company in the New World. In that year he returned to England and settled down in Westminster, where he lived the rest of his life. Indeed, the years after 1690 appear as a sorrowful anticlimax to his career. The "Glorious Revolution of 1688" brought in new people in places of authority, both in the English government and in the Hudson's Bay Company. In 1694 the old servant made an audacious move and brought suit in chancery against the Company for monies allegedly due him. The suit dragged on until 1697, when a decision was granted in Radisson's favour. But he lived on in obscurity and increasing poverty until his death in the summer of 1710.—*R. P. Stearns.*

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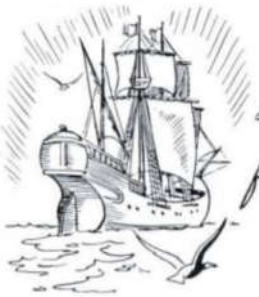
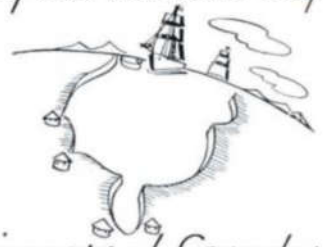
THE STORY OF IMPERIAL MIXTURE



Back in 1668 the Hudson's Bay Company first shipped tobacco to this country. Our archives for April 20th of that year read—

"By a roll of Tobacco delivered to Capt Gillam & Capt Stannard for ye use of the Company."

From then on Company ships sailing into Hudson's Bay included in their cargoes fine tobaccos. Because of the climate and other different conditions in this country these imported English tobaccos were not exactly suited to the needs and desires of early pioneers of Canada; so in 1892 a group of Company officers met in Winnipeg to sample many new and specially blended mixtures and compounds of tobacco. From the experience of these men who had opened up this country and who knew the neccessity and friendliness of a good smoke we hoped to find a mixture which had all the merits of the splendid English tobaccos, but which would be adapted to the conditions of this new country.



Finally after many sessions these seasoned smokers chose one as being the mixture for Canada. Proud of the part they had played in Empire building they named their choice—Imperial Mixture. It is this same Imperial Mixture — the choice of real men who appreciate the pipe pleasure of a real smoke — that is today

Canada's Most Famous Tobacco

The out-of-doors man demands the protection of
LOOK FOR THIS LABEL BEFORE YOU BUY
HUDSON'S BAY POINT BLANKETS
THEY SEAL YOU QUALITY

HUDSON'S BAY *Point* BLANKETS

Guard well those you have: supplies will be scarce until after the war.